

YONDER?

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

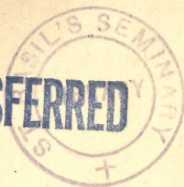


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BY

T. Gavan Duffy

TRANSFERRED



YONDER?

BY

REV. T. GAVAN DUFFY

OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS SOCIETY,
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JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY,

Archbishop of New York.

New York, April 13th, 1916

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T. GAVAN DUFFY



THIS THIRD EDITION

(and the proceeds thereof) I hereby affectionately dedicate to

THE MISSION OF PONDICHERRY, INDIA,

which, on the night of November 22d, 1916, was well-nigh obliterated by the ravages of an unprecedented cyclone. And now, with old helpers and new friends, with new mortar and old bricks, with old patience and new energy, it will be our joyful duty, beneath the Eye of Providence, to start all over again, and create a new Mission with the spirit of the old.



ONE OF YONDER'S OWN.

PREFACE

THE divine adventure of Redemption and the part therein open to us all is, by our matter-of-fact contemporaries, taken altogether too much as a series of truths, spoiled of romance and relegated to the domain of things known once for all and set aside. It is the System now to stuff the child (pardon me—Child) with facts, not facts as distinct from lies (would they were more so) but facts as distinct from ideals; and, as it is troublesome (not to say impossible) to reach the infinite by following up the process of putting two and two together, we of today are apt to remain very much in the concrete; our interests are rather keen than world-wide. The enormous energy of the midgets dancing in a wild cloud of a summer evening is entirely parochial; it knows nothing of the Great Plan; but happily there is another energy, of the restless winds and the free things that range over the expanses of nature, learning to know and to obey its harmony and its laws and to enforce them afar off. So

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is there another love than that which is hemmed in by the limits of the trim parish, another life than that of this or that academy, a life calling to be lived, lest the Church herself die of not growing.

This book has two ambitions. First of all, to open up an avenue of thought in a region all too rarely trod. Secondly, to operate the transfusion of a little blood, from soul into soul and from purse into purse, according as strength is wanted.

Its question-mark has been much challenged. But it must stand, until such time at least as it be frankly met with an avowal that we are, too many of us, slow in knowing, loving, helping, going *Yonder*; and that the slogan of parochialism, "plenty of work at home," is still carried on the lips of all too many Catholics. A body must grow in all its parts, not consecutively but simultaneously; nor must the extremities be strangled, to give the heart more growth; so charity, the life of our religion, must flow out to the furthest member of the Church, for the normal growth and vigour of the whole.

The chapters have been dubbed "hap-hazard," "scattered," "disconnected," "incomplete"; and not without some reason, although

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the book is, as it stands, consecutive, if only in so far as it offers a passing glance at the changing moods of the same few souls. It would have been far easier to write a treatise, far harder to find readers for it; but of human beings men tire not to hear.

And life, too, is, after all, when one looks back on it, a strangely disconnected progress from thought to thought and from deed to deed, under the guidance of a Hand unseen working to make light within us. It is the glimmers of this light that we have sought to catch in the scant pages of this book, chiefly at three decisive epochs. In the early chapters we see God's inspiration flashing its first spark, with a raw glare, from some inadequate impulse; then we observe it, under training, become a flame, to be protected lest it devour too much; in exercise, in the field, we see it first delighted, then astonished, then discouraged — until at last it shall attain its poise high up among the stars, very near to heaven and not so far from earth but that it sheds on the four ends thereof its light of love.

T. GAVAN DUFFY

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PART I

Quis ibit nobis?

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I

THE DAWN.

SLEEP? Nothing is asleep throughout all India tonight. Nature itself lies breathless, raw from the rough passage of the Sun, nor dare it stir at all lest he take notice and return. Even yet he seems to linger in the rocks, ready to scorch unwary feet; and his myriad spies and satellites fill the trees with busy sparkling and the sky with scarcely covered embers. The night-birds mock less wildly and the jackals' cry is more piteous and fainter by the graves. The very tallest trees have now their leaves a-droop. . . . Nay—without water, who shall sleep?

The priest lay, bathed in sweat, upon his mat, under the stars; for fear of reptiles the mat was laid upon a framework raised on wooden trestles; but the restless hand, from which the skin was

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I

THE DAWN.

SLEEP? Nothing is asleep throughout all India tonight. Nature itself lies breathless, raw from the rough passage of the Sun, nor dare it stir at all lest he take notice and return. Even yet he seems to linger in the rocks, ready to scorch unwary feet; and his myriad spies and satellites fill the trees with busy sparkling and the sky with scarcely covered embers. The night-birds mock less wildly and the jackals' cry is more piteous and fainter by the graves. The very tallest trees have now their leaves a-droop. . . . Nay—without water, who shall sleep?

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peeling after that riding yesterday in the sun, could find no coolness anywhere; even the wood felt warmer than the hand.

And near him lay, on little mats, two native boys. Orphans, he had tended and taught them; and, tomorrow, one, the elder, was to start at dawn to see the Bishop and to enter the training-school for native priests. His name was Nayagam, but the title of Big Little Brother, "Periatambi," was more becoming, for he was, indeed, thirteen; and well could he afford to call the ten-year-old Appâvu "Sinnatambi," or Small Little Brother—and even, simply Tambi, Little Brother, at less important moments, provided it were clearly understood that nothing short of "Anna" pure and simple, or Big Brother, with no diminutive at all, be guaranteed as his rightful title from that quarter.

And now, in the leaden night, Appâvu lay and sobbed.

"What is it, Tambi? Are you crying?"

The little fellow wanted not to talk, but to weep; it seemed a refuge from the suffocation of the heat and of the parting. He made no reply.

"Tambi," urged the elder.

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Appâvu curled up, with determination, on his mat.

“How far will you come with me in the morning?” tried Nayagam again. This was concrete, and Appâvu must surrender.

“Why are you going?” he asked.

“I want to wear a white cassock and a beard and to ride a horse,” vouchsafed the fugitive. “And you can be my cook,” he added thoughtfully. “And you can bring the hot water and the cold,” he continued, “while I sit and give remedies to the men and women who come with wounds and sicknesses from all the hamlets round.”

“And you can keep the little boys in the school; but I, I shall go out on horseback and find the truants in the fields and bring them back behind me on the saddle; and I shall make things very hot indeed for the parents.”

“Oh! And on Sundays I shall preach. I shall get up and tell old Sinnappen that he is a thief, and an ugly old lying miser; I shall tell him from the altar, and the people will laugh, and he will not be able to beat me as he did today, for I shall have a long beard and he will be afraid. And you, you can take up the collection. You can

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have half, perhaps ten cents *every* Sunday. And with the rest I shall build a new church, a big church like the one in Allahdy, with coloured windows. And you must gather the workmen in the morning, and I shall order them about all day."

Appâvu had ceased weeping. Indeed, he gave no sign of life at all.

"You're asleep," said Nayagam, in an injured voice, quite forgetting that after midnight even he, brilliant as shone the future, should be likewise.

His thin black arm shot out, and his fingers, passing over the shaved forehead, seized the oily hair which, in the daytime, would be tied into a little *chignon* on his brother's head.

"Wake up," he whispered.

But sleep, so long delayed, was not to be dismissed.

The priest got up and sat, thirsty and very weary, on a big chair beside his "bed." The monologue he had just heard shed more light into the corners of the little soul he loved than ever his own questioning could have produced. For an Indian child is very reticent, receptive but un-

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communicative, and it is none too easy to divine what emotions or impressions are at work. He knew that spiritual things do little more than fleck the outer surface, and that it takes many years of tending ere the motives of the other world awake. He remembered his own boyhood and the almost brutal violence of impulse when, at intervals, the supernatural had its hour. And he reflected that the difference was not of education only—for had not these boys too been with him always, away from the crude home influence? Yet the quickening of the Spirit moved them very faintly, because there was no answer to it in the blood.

So he called to Nayagam and took him on his knee and spoke to him his last advice, that he might go to the long training (fifteen years at least) not without *some* impulse from above.

“Little one, art thou very thirsty?”

“Yes, Father.”

“Wilt thou drink, or goest thou to Communion in the morning?”

“May I drink, Father?”

“Which thinkest thou will please the Sâmi better, that thou drink or wait?”

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"Could I but sleep, I would not be so thirsty," ventured the child. "But it is so hot. See how the little dog itself cannot lie down, but prowls about panting, with dripping tongue."

"Go and give it water, Tambi, and thyself drink too. Thou art too small to suffer all the night."

In a few moments Nayagam returned, crest-fallen. "There is no water," he said; "yesterday I was busy, and forgot to go for it to the village."

Here was an opening, and the priest now, on this last chance, would not spare the child.

"Our Lord was thirsty on the Cross," he said, "not because He had forgotten anything Himself, but because men had forgotten God. If thou couldst quench that thirst of His, wouldst thou do it?"

"Yes," said the boy. Of all things he could understand the need of that.

"Well, He was thirsty not alone for water, Tambi; he was thirsty for the loyalty of men. And if thou ever art a priest, thou canst make all the Christians good—and many heathen. See how many all around us do despise our Faith. If thou couldst bring *them* to Him, Jesus would thirst no more."

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“When will I be a priest?”

“After many years of study, Little Brother.”

“And will Our Lord be thirsty all that time?”
he asked.

But the priest had succeeded beyond his hopes,
and, thanking God, he put the little man to sleep
beside his brother.

And lo, a glimmer and the dawn.



APPÂVU.

II

FIRST BLOOD.

JIMMY *did* want to do something he didn't like. For several days after his First Communion he thought it out. On his way home from school he made experiments in pretending to be asleep in the trolley-car, even when it was passing the big advertisement placards near the railroad, where the picture posters were changed nearly every day.

But, on the very first occasion, a fire-engine went by, and Jimmy not only woke but, obedient as a bullet to the powder, was off the car and in pursuit before anything stronger than instinct got in motion. And on the second day the horrified murmurs of his fellow-passengers at sight of an accident on the road-side had his nose flat against the window-pane in instant response.

So Jimmy settled that he "didn't ought" to be

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a saint that way after all; and something whispered that he was drifting into that mist which he had heard termed "priggishness," though none had ever ventured to define it.

Still, he *did* want to do something he didn't like. That was the impression left by his First Communion retreat, and he had received the information that this retreat (his first) was going to settle him once for all in this world and the next, as an absolute matter of fact, like all the other statements of history which emanated from those who knew.

"If you start doing the thing you don't like," the preacher had said, "you will soon find that it is the nicest thing to do. And so you'll go on doing it . . . and there's no other way of being a big man, either in this world or in heaven."

Now Jimmy *did* want to be a big man, though he didn't much mind where.

Soon he got another light, a real one this time, that burned as well as dazzled. He was a big boy now. His First Communion opened for him the gates of the second playground, where rougher games were played and real importance offered. As the class disbanded on the day fol-

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lowing his second adventure in the trolley-car, he found himself starting, by a distraction, in the direction of the "Infants' " playground, that should have known him no more. He stopped. Then, in a flash, he knew that this was the thing he had been looking for; his whole frame shook with the effort as he made up his mind, and he rather wriggled than walked to the "Infants' " playground.

When he got there, he escaped notice for exactly two minutes, during which the games were getting into shape. He found that the groups fell together, as if by long training; in the three days which had elapsed since the secession of the first communicants, a new world had come into existence—and he could not find a place in it.

Presently he was observed by the presiding genius of the playground; they were the only two solitary and standing figures in a dancing universe, and, inevitably, their eyes met.

"Hello, Jimmy! How did you get here?"

"I thought . . . I came . . . I . . . I . . . I . . ." but his lower lip was giving trouble.

Fortunately the good Brother knew both

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Jimmy and his own work. So he made a diversion.

"Come over and sit on a bench," he said, "and help me to read a letter from my brother."

Jimmy couldn't guess where the stamp came from. The lettering was blurred by the postmark, and all that appeared was a funny three-sailed boat, and a railway in the back-ground. The Brother said the boat was called a junk; the stamp was from China. Two questions occurred at once to Jimmy with precisely equal peremptoriness. He merged them into one.

"Is your brother making railways in China?" he asked. "I mean," he added, "I didn't know you had a brother in China; and I didn't think there were any railways there."

But neither the question nor the amendments reached the consciousness of the Brother; this letter was months overdue, and he was skimming over it to make sure there was no tragic news. Being satisfied on that score he handed the letter to the little boy, and let him read it out, helping him with suggestions, meekly offered, at the difficult words. It read as follows:

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Dear old T.:

It is only because I fear you may be anxious that I take time to write you a few words today; the stress of work that has kept me from my desk is not yet over. The flood subsided after about a month, having ruined the crops of half a province; but the dead cattle on the river-banks soon bred a pestilence, and that is what has kept me on the go ever since. The filth of the Chinese houses during the plague defies description; and the past few weeks have certainly been the most trying of my life. The Christians were almost too frightened to appreciate our ministry, and the pagans . . . well, one old woman, whose husband lay dying, did not cease shrieking for a moment while I was doctoring the man, but cursed me as the cause of the whole calamity; I had, she said, disturbed the Dragon last year, digging or planting or something in my garden. . . . It is uphill work!

It is only to you I would have heaved that sigh; but even to you I must explain that really and truly I am not sorry for myself. There are plenty of things in our work that are mighty hard to do, but there is not a moment when the spirit so far leaves us that we wish we had not come. We always feel (and especially so when things are hardest) that we are not working alone; Our Lord's life was made up chiefly of things He didn't like, yet He enjoyed it. *Exultavit sicut gigas ad currendam viam.*

"That's Latin for 'He never funk'd things, or had them done by some one else,' Jimmy," said the Brother.

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I hope your little men are giving satisfaction; tell them this life is "great," with plenty of fighting all the time (some of the physical sort too, sometimes, by the way: the Mission was twice attacked by brigands during the disorder that accompanied the early days of the plague; but my people drove them off).

Prosit. Every your affectionate

B.

M. AP.

"Is your brother a big man out there?" concluded the boy.

"He's the best man I know," said the Brother, smiling all over, "if that's enough for you."

"Better than Father . . . Father What's-his-name who gave us the retreat?"

"Oh! Look at those imps quarrelling, will you!" And the Brother, getting up, sailed off in the direction of a noisy group that was enjoying, with no warlike intent whatever, a rough-and-tumble *mêlée* in the distance.

"You'd better get along to your own playground," he called back to Jimmy, "or Brother Philip will be having us in trouble."

So Jimmy fled.

But he knew what *he* was going to be, anyway.

III

HIMSELF.

“BETTER, old man?”

“Oh, I suppose so; but it doesn’t matter either way. I *am* a confounded *beast*.”

The interview thus auspiciously begun proved something of a mystery to Paul Peter, who was a sporting friend of the “old man” and who had come over to the hospital much less to discover what Ralph (you were always corrected till you called him *Rayfe*) Delane thought of himself than to ascertain what were the chances of his being fit to take his place in the all-important championship on the morrow.

But Ralph had made the lesser of the two great discoveries which it is given to man to make. Some men discover God, and there follows an overwhelming and delightful and crucifying excitement which, well directed, issues in holiness; and a great many more men, at some curve in

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their existence, discover themselves—a wholly unexpected, unsettling and often terrifying apocalypse, which for a time upsets their sense of proportion altogether.

Ralph had grown up outside himself; his father, a brilliant Civil Servant in India, had taken to the life of a Forest Ranger after his wife had fallen a victim to the climate; and the little boy had shared this holiday existence since the day when first he learned to ride a pony, long before he had the faintest inkling that there were such things as lessons. Imitatively he had grown used to ordering every one about, and, in a land where the will of children is taken at least as seriously as that of eld, he had never been gainsaid. So that his assumption of rights was of the most startling character, albeit void of consciousness.

Later he had gone to school, to a day-school, of course. Being a boy of sporting instincts and only average intelligence, he was popular and happy. Only on one occasion had his personality been partially called out, by some punishment, richly deserved. But then his reflex emotions had been blurred by a predominant mist of anger,

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and the experience glided, useless, into the past.

But yesterday the revelation had come. Ralph, in the lustihead of his young powers (he was now nineteen), was a furious motorist. He had his own car, and money enough to keep up with the trade in all manner of improvements. And the roads, uphill and down, around the cantonment, were very much his property, on which, however, he did not grudge a subsidiary right of way to such reasonable traffic as was ready to hug the edge at the first call of his siren. Mrs. Silva's little girl would cling close to the gate of their bungalow on the corner whenever she heard that siren; but the strong green car had a fascination for the child, and she never missed a chance of seeing "Mr. Delane's Dragon" go by. Ralph had not failed to notice both the attraction and the apprehension in the child's attitude; and at last (this was yesterday), Mrs. Silva being also at the gate, he had stopped and asked the lady if she would like him to give her little daughter a drive. And the drive had taken place.

The car ran smoothly through the European section of the town, grunted its way through the

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crowded, listless, bazaar; then the long country road was threaded. The child sprang up and down in her excitement, screaming lustily till the speed took away her breath. Ralph's spirits, too, were mountain-high, and something of the exhilaration of making lifted him as he caught the echo of all the new sensations he was giving his little passenger. Mrs. Silva was, of course, demurely anxious, and weakly tried to moderate both her child and her host; for Ralph was working his machine to its highest power and scattering the country traffic on every side.

"Oh! Don't kill the *poor* little donkey," screamed the child, as a washerman's beast of burden, with its front paws bound, hobbled across the road; but Ralph had, purposely, passed as near as possible, before the words were done. He had, with a grim smile, put terror into the heart of more than one old hag following her stick along the road. Nor had the protesting "Oh!" of his passengers checked his mean attempt to catch a slouching cur under his wheel. Then they had turned for home.

A few miles had still to be covered when a bullock-cart presented itself, driverless, before

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the motor. The road was wide, and Ralph ran up his car without slackening speed; but he had counted without the fright of the bullocks—and a tragedy followed. The bullock-cart swung round suddenly; there was a crash, in which both his hands at the wheel were damaged; the machine went off at an angle and smashed sidelong into a tree. The little girl was so crushed that death must have been instantaneous; Ralph was gashed and stunned; alone the poor mother escaped without a scratch. “Mr. Delane’s Dragon” had slain, and itself lay dead.

Ralph spent a ghastly night; it was not the smarting of his wounds that kept him sleepless; rather was the pain a positive relief to him; he made no effort to allay it; indeed, now and again he would press upon his bandages till the agony brought perspiration to his brow; then he felt better; yet no amount of punishing could blot out his loathing for the SELF which he had discovered and which obsessed him with bitter reproach.

The death of the little girl and the torture of the mother, though it was they that had discovered him to himself, now loomed only in the glow-

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ering back-ground. His point of view, even in self-accusation, could not but still be selfish; what wracked him was the new-born realisation of the ignominy of his self-centred life and the dawning of responsibility in his conscience.

His mind fled back and forth over the days of his life. His unreflecting domination over others, over servants and over the poor, suddenly struck him with an unanswerable "why?" He felt himself hurled from the throne of his assumed superiority, and, in an excess of humiliation, he longed to go out and set himself to the lowest work of any among the duties of men; then, at the thought, repulsion would seize upon him; and again, the repulsion wore the aspect of a crime, because he felt that he (the unconscious *self* thus violently thrust upon him) had failed in some vital thing, and that reparation in any form, however abject, was necessary to restore the balance.

Then would come the thought of his car and a sense of exultation that it lay in atoms by the road-side; this, he grasped, had been his chief agent of offence, and his mastery of the road seemed as preposterous now as it had been nat-

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ural only yesterday. The frightening of the donkey and the attempt on the dog and the agony of the old people on the road stabbed him now where they had elated him before, and the sacrificing of the little human life that was in his hands lifted up his personality naked before him, and he fled from it to pain.

It was all this that had found expression in the formula: "*I am a confounded beast.*"

Now, as I said, Paul Peter was puzzled at the outburst. So the conversation proceeded very little further, and Paul left for the field with the impression that Ralph was "awfully bad"; and Ralph went off into the second stage of his experience.

He waxed wrath with the society that had bred him, with his father for letting him run wild, with his masters, not for their severity forsooth, but for not having forced the sense of responsibility into him, with the law for not getting irresponsible people flogged, with nature herself for having tolerated that self of his, whose image was upon him, suffocating him.

The nurse who brought a cooling draught was received with eyes unopened and a "please go

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away" that only enraged Ralph the more against himself as the door closed on her retreat. He pressed upon his wounds, till the tears rolled down upon his pillow.

It was not until he was quite exhausted that it occurred to him to pray; God had not suggested Himself as concerned in this affair; Ralph was not particularly pious and his emotions had never felt the need of getting outside their subject, either in the form of friendship or in that of piety. Still, when the stress of self-discovery had spent itself, he fell unconsciously into the waiting Arms.

From God to the priest is not a seven-league step; Ralph found himself thinking of the missionary priests whom he knew, had always known in fact and taken very much for granted in the midst of that pagan country. And instantaneously the lights of earth went out and the lights of heaven were lit. Here was the reparation that would restore what he had stolen from mankind, here was a service, abject and yet lofty, painful and yet gay, eternal and yet brief.

The sense of restored balance was so soothing that, in the bliss of it, Ralph got quiet and fell

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a-dozing; the door was gently opened, and his sense of association stirred . . . "Please go away," the nurse caught faintly, "and sin no more." But e'er she had ceased to smile and reached the bed, he was asleep, dreaming of the future and of souls.



IV

SISTERS.

IN a pink-walled room adorned with half a dozen flaming "holy" pictures the little girls sat playing with their chopsticks. Grace had been said, and the steaming rice was being doled out from a cauldron by two of the bigger girls.

When all the bowls were full, the little plates of vegetables went around—and soon there was a busy scene of chopsticks picking up the morsels and mixing them with the rice. Mui Qwy alternately ate and paused, thinking.

"What's the matter, Mui Qwy?" said the Sister, coming over. "You won't eat. See, the others have almost finished."

The child was silent, her big eyes open, and her mouth too, full as it was of rice.

"Be quick, Mui Qwy," said the Sister with a little frown.

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"I—I wish my little sister could have this!" answered Mui Qwy, and fell to.

Now her sister was a little pagan child whom the parents did not choose to sell. And where is joy of life for such as that?

"... for many, many years. And then we shall all go together and you, dear Mother, shall show us the golden throne where God is sitting, with His Blessed Mother near Him in her jewelled robe and crown."

The Chinese girl ended up her reading with a quaint bow, and all the children laughed and Mother Angela said thank you in Chinese.

It was the feast of Mother Angela, who for sixteen years had been at work within these walls, tending these orphans as if each had been the Infant Jesus.

In the morning all the children (except of course the Infants) had received Communion for their Mother; twelve had made their First Communion. There had been romps all day, and sweets at dinner; and in the evening the address,

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read by the biggest girl, who, in a multi-coloured dress and wings, was thought to be an angel.

It was crude, but very human; and it all went to the heart of Mother Angela as to a mother's heart. For indeed every throb of the life around her was as much her own as if these children had been born of her own travail. For had not each and all, by her sacrifice and her efforts, been rescued from their death, and made to live and to love God? And today she felt the thrill of it, and rejoiced; yet was there *one* cloud on her joy that night as she retired, leaving all her little ones peaceful and asleep.

"I wish my little sister could have this," she sighed, and fell to prayer.

Now her sister, far away, was a fashionable follower of society. Her looks were her religion and she was not a mother, nor would be. And where is joy in life for such as that?

Mother Angela prayed and ceased not, and toiled and knew not rest. And Mui Qwy grew and learned to pray and to endure. And when

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both were dead and had gone to press their suit
face to face with God, He took the little sisters
by the hand and led them where they would not;
and they took the places of the other two . . .
and both are in China today, mothering the babes
of God.



V

CROWS.

ALAS for the dreamer if he love his dream; for God alone can dream and have it so.

There was a child once in the Alpine hills, with whom God played. He was called, by his people, Tom: what his Playmate called him I cannot say. Of all the joys of sunny childhood there was for him none greater than to set out alone across the rocks e'er they awoke, and thus go watching the mountains blush and the grasses quiver at the return of day, his soul alive to the response of nature under the fingers of a god that was his own God's toy. This was his hour of all unconscious meditation, mingled of thought and of emotion, on which determined hopes arose.

Now, it chanced one day that, as he stood upon a summit, lord of the world or happier than any such, there broke upon the harmony of his soul an uproar from the valley—the wild and mocking

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protest of a rookery at bay. The mystic prophecy seemed to swell and fill the expectant universe, and in the boy's heart a dull chord played; some Fate had passed and laughed his dreams to death.

Alas for the dreamer if he love his dream; for God alone can dream and have it so.

Standing, years later, on the threshold of the world, he was ready to select his way. Now it happened that the Alpine summits had been exchanged for the grey Northern downs; the lone rambles were few and less intense; and the dreams had become saner dreams . . . God and His angels had the first place therein. Castles had sprung up in which the myriad works of God were to be carried on; his friends were to be with him in his labour, and Heaven was to rain down its love.

But the passing dreamer scared some thieving crows, and his castles, reaching to Paradise, were battered by winged mockery to the ground; and again his heart knew the unreasoned panic of his childhood, as at a voice which seemed to pass and call, while his consciousness reached out to it and, by an inch, was let from grasping it.

QUIS IBIT NOBIS?

Alas for the dreamer if he love his dream; for God alone can dream and have it so.

Anon the plains of Erin watch him dreaming by, and they cradle him to his dream; for the weal of his country is uppermost therein. The altars of God are before him—a step and he will reach them.

But across the lonely bog-land comes a solitary crow, rasping its note with taunting instance, and pulling his dream about the dreamer's ears.

Alas for the dreamer if he love his dream; for God alone can dream and have it so.

A new-made priest, he lets his lifted eyes range over the earth. His own nation he will best serve by bearing her faith across the oceans into pagan hearts; and the yellow race is waiting.

But across the College gardens come again the crows, winging their heavy way into the woods.

Alas for the dreamer if he love his dream; for God alone can dream and have it so.

The ship has ploughed a silver furrow to the East, and the land of duty is in sight. The men that swarm in little boats around are black, not yellow—and they take him over the dancing billows to the shore. And, as he steps exulting to

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the sand, a cloud of crows from out the palm-groves rises, clamorous of welcome, to receive him; and they lift from off his soul the mist of years, and the long-hinted meaning stands revealed. It was the call of the dark nations that had filled his early years, shattering his plans; it was the spirit of this race that had watched and waited with him in crude symbolic form.

The crows are lords in every place to which he comes, and he submits himself unto their lordship. Thoughtless they are and very trying, mischievous more than wicked, perverse in playful malice—but he is theirs still to command, taken by them captive in his childhood and bound for ever to their race. And so he bows to Providence, and is in joy.

But alas for the dreamer had he loved his dream; for God alone can dream and have it so.



PART II

Ecce ego, mitte me.

A
Willing Sacrifice



S. TARCISIUS

VI

AD EXTEROS.

*Lorsque vient la tristesse,
Faut la congédier
Avecque politesse
Mais sans parlementer.
Et quand sur cette terre
On n'a pas ce qu'on veut,
Il faut savoir se faire
Au bon plaisir de Dieu.*

—(OLD PARIS JINGLE.)

THE entrance from the Rue du Bac is positively gloomy. But then it is an entrance, nothing more; it is not in any way symbolical. For it leads into a household of proverbial cheerfulness, where for 200 years it has been a sin to mope, where, indeed, one of the mottos recognised officially is "*vive la joie quand même.*"

If the coming had been one growing nightmare, from the moment he left his parents on the platform to that, ten hours later, when he passed beneath the dingy archway into the cobbled court

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on which high walls, dulled with the city soot, cast heavy shadows, the staying, from the moment he took contact with the spirit of the place, was easy.

Alexis Ménard was a Breton. His upright bearing and slim form made him look taller than he really was; his jaw would have been quite terrible had it not been ever wedded to a smile. He was clever: not ponderous, but quick to take a "*demi-mot*" as the equivalent of thought.

The initiation into the community was traditional. A song written years ago by another young Breton is always sung on these occasions; it expresses the ideal of single-mindedness and the family spirit that should reign among future apostles. It sets cheerfulness up before the eyes of the new student as a guiding star. It links up his arrival with that of those who are just ready to depart, and hands over to his keeping the traditions of the house, which he in turn, when the brief days of his waiting are over, shall deliver to the newer generations.

And they did indeed slip by, those days! Hard study, deep thought, long walks—and peace. The atmosphere was invigorating; boisterous

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rather than subdued; equally strong and kind.

Some of the will-power distilled from the manly training of this place found exercise each day upon the hand-ball court. The students would sometimes laugh in pity for that wall; it might have been the devil himself, whom they were training to beat down, such echoing knocks did it receive from the stone-hard ball. On the coldest winter days, with his hands chapped and raw, Ménard, like the rest, would strike with his full strength, and smile to see the blood ooze out between his fingers. Those were the days whose very memory would lend vigour to the years that were to come.

The glory of pain was the leading thought round which his mind revolved in time of prayer and effort after prayer. The tradition of men slaughtered for the Faith, the daily sight of their relics and of the instruments of their torture, the gruesome pictures of their victory, all these inspired him to ask and to long most sincerely for the joy of rising up to follow them. The Stations of the Cross began to "come alive" for him. To be cold or tired seemed now the realest part of life, and it was only by the exercise of the most

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careful self-restraint that he could moderate himself in the doing or enjoying (one can hardly say enduring) of disagreeable things.

Nor did anything appear in his demeanour other than irrepressible good spirits combined with a devouring activity; he was not morbid in his view of life and his determination to cherish its perversity; only he knew he had the Orient to face, and he would carry within him the remedy to all its heartlessness.

He measured the world by the price once paid for it; and his own share in the wooing of mankind to Christ seemed an honour beyond all earning. He thought, in all his training, that he was called to bring countless thousands to the Faith, and no amount of spending of his own person in the effort appeared as more than a necessary preparation.

And of his view of life he left the following record, girt as he was in readiness to embark thereon. . . . But he died, nor went he ever to the Missions, but to Heaven.

God. It often happens that a student for the missions reaches the Seminary after quite

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a steeple-chase of difficulties, and he is tempted to sit down and rest; and he very well may rest—but not sit down. His must be “rest in the Lord”; and Our Lord’s rest is “the repose of the divine activity, the sleep of infinite energising, the stillness of the all-Mover.” This is the day of his “conversion”: he has reached the corner and has turned; now he must start off in the new direction with a bold, unswerving step, and find his rest in the energies within him and without him which urge him on to a fruition greater still of the promised land he treads.

He has come to give himself to God in the service of souls; this latter service, he observes, must colour his donation of himself to God; for (I) he cannot seek the hermit’s God in the unmitigated practise of secluded prayer and wearing penance; yet (II) he must seek and find God truly; and (III) he must find Him in a way that he will still be able to keep practising in the midst of the most absorbing ministry. And as for the intentness of his search, it must be equal to the worth of God its object on the one hand, and to his own earnestness in embracing the apostolic vocation on the other.

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Now God is our Creator, on whom we are dependent every moment; nothing matters in the least except in its relativity to Him; and on the other hand I have accepted fully a life of effort and endurance for the Cause. Hence my whole endeavour and my whole day and my whole self should enter into the search, through weariness and joy, for That which I wish to carry into pagan hearts.

“Things.” I know Whose Hand has sown the rocks and the bushes, both the rough rocks and the smooth, both the flower-bushes and the thorn. Let me stop to kiss it by the way. Let me grasp the branches as if they were His helping Arm, climb over the rocks as if they were His stairway, perceiving signs of His own passage where so many see but hindrances to catching up. God is speculatively far more likely to have put helps than hindrances in our way.

Quality Jesus has shown us once that He can
v. do more with a handful of men after
Numbers. His own Heart than with a multitude
of half-hearts. Every country may

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court the honour of lending Him her children; and He will love the country where He can pick most . . . for Our Lord chooses His men, not they Him, but they, once chosen, can fit themselves for His service. Christ spent the better part of His public life in training His Apostles. Again, after the Ascension, He sent the Paraclete as a divine shower and sunbeam to make fruit of the seeds that He had sown. And into His "vessel of election," St. Paul, did He not pour graces and revelations without stint, preferring, to convert the Gentiles, one perfect tool to twenty mediocrities!

The same, I feel sure, is the opinion of poor Vicars Apostolic who, while clamouring for helpers far and near, yet think in their heart of hearts: "But if you have only half-timers to send, for the Lord's sake send them elsewhere."

A missionary wrote lately: "I assure you, with all the conviction I possess, that numbers in the mission-field count for very little, character goes for everything, attainments come next, just because so many are required. But nondescripts are almost a nuisance."

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Zeal. To be a missionary is to be a zeal-engine for drawing men. And what makes the missionary, as distinguished from the hermit, whose apostolate is one of prayer alone, is that his soul cannot rest unless it feel that it is sharing in the zeal of God: it sees the Son rising from the eternal throne and dwelling among men, in pain and effort and love, and its loyalty is stirred to a like effort and pain and love. For if He thought it worth while doing all He did for man, well may we; and if He was for leaving the ninety-nine in the desert, well may we be; and if He led such a life of abnegation in our midst, well may we toil that He may gain a more ample reward in a greater harvest of souls.

Zeal must have strength not only to draw the missionary from his home into the field, but moreover to free him from pale regrets and gnawing discouragements; it must reflect for him in every other being the image of the Supreme Light.

There is a special devil sent to buffet zeal. Its name? *Discouragement*. The missionary must know of it ere he sets out, and must yield it no truce in day-dreams or much planning apart from prayer. It will be strongest in the very begin-

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ning of his career and in reaction after his failures. In the beginning of his career—for the first sight of the strange Oriental faces will act as a cold shower-bath on his spiritual skin, and, if a prompt reaction of the blood of zeal does not come to take away the cold at once, he may find it still clinging about him when he lands. Again, on entering the field, he will come suddenly in contact with the souls of pagans and of converts, and the earthiness of them will take him by surprise. For, indeed, youth is bound to have a gilded ambition of some sort; his is the missionary life with its spending hardships and its stirring consolations. But when, landed in his new home, he finds himself face to face with his dream made zeal, how much will zeal not have to do to keep enthusiasm burning in a heart chilled by the contact of the naked world of fact—a world immensely, brutally sordid to such as Jesus may choose to leave for a moment without the conscious security of His Hand in theirs? In reaction after his failures—for there are souls that come half way and halt, no effort availing to bring them to their end.

A triumphant zeal comes through all these

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dangers. It knows that it can only cut the stones, leaving the building to Our Lord, and so it makes its little effort and is at peace, suffering less for the knowledge that God's kingdom is within souls, sometimes so deep beneath the surface that God alone can see it, in His mercy.

Prudence. Zeal is the flood, rushing out upon all men, of those waters which the apostolic soul has drawn with joy from the fountains of God's love. It is a power with a tendency to spread abroad, like water seeking its own level with impetuous desire. But it must be held in by a strong channel and guided round the obstacles that it cannot melt. And so it is that zeal alone is not the apostolic soul, but zeal running forward in the channel of prudence.

Some minds have room for only one big notion at a time. Once on fire with zeal for the extension of God's kingdom, they can see nothing but its great excellence and desirability, and the foolishness of those who do not care for it. With such, the frailties of humanity, its inconsistencies and passions, find scant recognition, the room being already filled by the one dominant and suf-

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ficient notion. Prudence, then, in dealing with the souls of men will often fail these ardent, single natures. Are they then to be excluded from the apostleship? God forbid. Are they to be *taught* prudence? No doubt, but the only school is that of long experience. Meanwhile prudence takes for them another name, obedience.

Others are prudent by nature, more so perhaps than zealous. A few are prudent and zealous together. These latter will, in God's time, move into positions of authority, where their prudence will have full play—though indeed even then it will but do itself justice by taking counsel. But meanwhile, for these as for the rest, prudence is a synonym of obedience, since no man can witness to himself in this matter: "I have prudence—my judgment is safe." It is against the nature of the case, and against experience.

'Tis with our judgment as our watches. None
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Simplicity. The missionary must have much of the child in his constitution; otherwise he will fail to inspire confidence—the most ghastly misfortune that could befall him in his

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missionary capacity; but others can befall his inner soul, if he be not simple—weakening of his faith, faltering of his hope, dwindling of his love for souls. And how much he needs the fulness of all these calls for little proof: is not faith the treasure of his life, driving him up an arduous course of study into a toilsome life, and keeping him at it until death? It is the fire he is to light upon the earth; it is the foundation of his hope. Hope, again, is the back-bone of his sacrifice, making his vocation from a thing inhuman a thing divine, and his soul, from bitter, gayest of the gay. While love of souls for God's sake is his *raison d'être*. If, then, these three are weakened, he is undone.

Humility. “Humility,” says Father Lucas, “is to know our place and to keep it. Our place, as priests, is not merely that of creatures utterly dependent, of servants, in part bound, in part counselled to subordinate our will entirely and unreservedly to the all-holy will of God; not merely that of sinners, owing a debt of reparation for our own offences, which we can never adequately repay; but that of men called

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to share in the work of Our Lord in behalf of all mankind, called to bear His name before the nations, and to follow as closely as possible in His footsteps. If, then, it were possible for us to take a lower place than that which is rightfully ours; if it were possible for us to strip ourselves of any rags of honour and consideration that—through the charity of others and the necessary conventions of human society—may yet cling to us, this is what if we were really on fire with the love of Him, we should earnestly desire to do.”

This is what the missionary must put in practice; for if he does not do it himself others will surely do it for him. It is a pretty picture to see the missionary patriarchally surrounded by his children in grace, loved, consulted, honoured. But from another angle, another view. Lost among a million pagans who mistake his motives, regarded with suspicion or aversion by those who pass him in the street, loaded with all the sins of all the Christians of his Mission, nay, with all the crimes whose stench has crossed the ocean from Christian lands, driving heathen fingers to heathen nostrils—he is apt, poor unit, to feel sadly small if he is not smailer still in his own esteem

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and if he is not possessed by the Infinite whose messenger he is.

Hardness. The missionary must be "hard." His road is hard, his neighbours have hard elbows, and it hails hard stones in far-off lands. He must therefore have hard feet, hard body and hard head. His troubles (and he goes out on purpose to enjoy such) generally come from the most unlikely quarter, otherwise they would hardly be troubles at all, as indeed heat and cold, hunger, sickness and the rest, which he shares with all mankind, are hardly troubles. But whatever their origin, if he shrinks from them he is a failure. For, after all, he is a soldier of the Cross.

There is another form of hardness which he must cultivate, for it is a soul-winner; there are souls that cannot be won but by prayer and fasting and he must pay the price of their redemption in his own flesh. His hardness, thus, is towards himself, that he may be tender to all others.

Moreover, he is to be a model to his converts, their object-lesson in Christian doctrine, their living image of Jesus Christ. Now the great



OUR LADY OF PEACE.

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lesson of Calvary, the topsy-turvy view of life which Our Lord has left an heirloom to the world—how can the missionary make it acceptable but by the example of his own life? He must live ever up to his soul and not down to his body, if others are to be drawn from the slavery of passion by his teaching.

Mary. The outgoing missionary takes a trunk to keep his “things.” And what about his spiritual trousseau? Devotion to Our Lady is more essential to the apostle, to keep his virtues together, than a trunk for his books and chalice. The loss of the latter may help him on to holiness; but he cannot lose devotion to Mary and remain holy.

We think of Ménard as a perfect student for the Missions, lofty in ideal, bold in execution, fearless of the future. In love with God, in love with souls. Assured of conquest; victor over pain. But the Lord spared him, nor put him to the test of life, lest the little thing should take its pebbles and sling them at his forehead and he should fall.

VII

MARYKNOLL.*

BUT his spirit is born again and lives and cannot perish till his work be done.

Now I see him toiling up the hill, through the snowdrifts, to the knoll; careless of the bleak wind; warm with the inward fire of the apostles. His place is set at the Paschal board where they stand and eat who, in the morning, are to set out.

He loves God, and, that He be glorified, will go to the ends of the earth, will beard the Beast in whatever den it lies deepest hid, will scatter his youth and promise to the four corners of the world.

He loves the Church, and, that she may be Catholic, will be himself her herald, plant her banner and engrave her name upon the sand of distant shores.

He loves his neighbour, and will stake life, that

* "Maryknoll" is the name of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America, recently founded.

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little treasure which is our all, for the salvation of many. He will carry the Gift and announce the Promise, and will not rest at all if there be any deaf unto his word.

He loves his country, and he leaves her for her glory, that in his stepping forth her soul may be enlarged. For in very deed was she weak and is made strong; weak in that she was but nursing her own faith; strong in that now she opens up her eyes and looks abroad, rises and goes forth out of herself to share her life with others that they may have it more abundantly. He is a spark from out her furnace, and he leaps to other worlds where no Prometheus has carried, yet, the supreme gift.

And he loves himself; for all the games of this life are but losing games, whereas the games of the world to come offer a certain triumph to those who follow out the rules; and the rules are to keep for ever facing the eternal goal and to speed thereto, carrying in his arms all that is weak and halting, all that he cannot quicken into racing as he races.

But as I see him he is still in preparation; he

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has not taken, yet, the field. But he is not foolish; once he died while still a student, and he knows that this time too the preparation may be itself the end. He does not live in a dreary Limbo, waiting till the day dawn and he be delivered to go forth and begin life; his student years are years of eager effort towards the attainment of actual holiness quite apart from the missionary life in view beyond. He trains his soul to the image of his Lord, and he knows that in this way it will both fulfil its duty now and be (if, in due time, called) a model of that Christian life which can be taught so much more strongly by example than by word.

And so I see him wield his broomstick and his books with equal energy; say his prayers and play his games with equal fervour. And I know that the Church has a champion in the making.

He learns to know himself and to know God. "Who but God," he asks, "could perceive me, a nothing, lost in His immensity? Who but God could purify me, a stain, by my sins, on the mirror of His creation? Who but God could use me, a channel of vanity to myself, as a channel of faith

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to other men? Who but God—whose glory is reflected in our nothingness, whose mercy leaps to the rescue of our wretchedness, whose truth loses nothing by our faithlessness?”

And his prayer is one of trust, that the Hand which guides the lightning will lead his weakness to its end.

“My God, through Mary and in union with the sacrifice of Jesus, I offer myself to thee for those redeemed souls which thou preparest for me. Sanctify me for their sake, as well as for thy greater glory and for my salvation.

“If by my daily actions, then grant me grace and strength to do them heroically well; if by suffering, then give me a closer union with Christ, and with Him crucified; if by humiliations, remove all limit to my trust in thee.

“Work freely in me, O my God; and, by Thy generosity, let the fruits of Thy working be mine; but Thine, by Thy justice, their glory.”

PART III

Et dixit, Vade.

VIII

IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.

Frater Mi:

Since that day, a million years ago, when you read me your brother's letter about his work in China, we knew, you and I, that some day I should follow him. Things have not, however, worked out just as we had planned them; I am not with him in China, but at the other end of the Far East. I know with what eagerness you will be expecting my first word from India. Still, of set purpose, I have delayed writing it for a couple of months after my arrival here, because I was specially anxious to be able to give you some idea of life as I find it in my new surroundings, and it takes a little while for the whirl of first impressions to settle into place.

I shall spare you the details of our journey out; hardly a boat goes through the canal without some innocent on board taking notes for his

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future book or article; but the voyage to the East is no longer a voyage of discovery. Our little group of missionaries gave the crew and the stewards a party one fine evening down in their glory-hole; we sang some of the Seminary songs, and our comic artists surpassed themselves. Among the crew, too, were some first-class entertainers; but their repertoire was distinctly salty; still they did show a nice spirit in trying to slur over words that might be embarrassing to their audience. We capped the evening by setting up a picture of Our Lady in a prominent place above the bunks, and all, even those who professed to have no faith, promised to take good care of it.

At the first port where the black coolies came crowding round the ship in their little boats, there occurred the only incident of the journey which I consider worth recording. Naturally we were all looking over the railing, and the general silence of the group witnessed to the depth of feeling that was being evoked, for, though these were not of the race we were going out to teach, yet did they most truly bring the others from out the region of idealism into real life. The



“THEY ARE BLACK!”

ET DIXIT, VADE

silence was at length broken by the youngest and most enthusiastic of our band: "Say!" he exclaimed, "they *are* black!"

Something very real indeed must have been contained in those words, judging by the acclamation they received. The first contact with Oriental life left a chill in every heart, but not one of us would have dared to express it (even had we known how) but for this spontaneous outburst of unanalysed impression. Yes, I suppose it is to be ever between us and them, this difference in race; and not even the winning of them to our creed will bridge the chasm altogether. I have heard the older missionaries say it many a time, even those who have done most work and are most eager. Not one of them pretends to understand these people as we understand our own at home.

At the same time I must confess that up to the present I have been startled much more by the pleasantness of life out here than by its pains. I revel in the sunshine and the warm winds. I have no difficulty with the food. In fact, if the older men did not keep saying "Wait and see," I should be almost disappointed that whereas I was

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looking for a life of stirring hardships, I find one of real delight.

The people, whom we call savages, have altogether charming ways. They show to the priest a respect which is not always met with *apud nos*; and of course their manners are superb, almost embarrassing to our Western stiffness. If there is a soul corresponding to the outside, then I am satisfied beyond all dreams as to the future of these people; they cannot do otherwise than come to the source of all considerateness and charity among men, which is the Faith. But here again the older men say "Wait"; but older men are by way of snubbing youth.

One of our party, when we landed, saw some cactus growing wild beside the road; he had seen them used at home as evergreens, potted and cared for with the utmost tenderness: "Supposing," he suggested, "we took some of that stuff along with us to the Bishop's; it would look all right on the altar." The cicerone who had met us at the boat did not recover for fully half a minute: "Avaunt thee, wretch!" he gasped. "The Bishop has been fighting that vicious vegetable for thirteen years; and if there is today a

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clear space of fifty feet around the church, it is only by dint of keeping a man perpetually occupied in cutting that stuff down. Don't bring him *that* as a present unless you want him to ship you right back home." The older men are, as I told you, by way of snubbing youth.

If life out here seems in every way delightful, it is none the less true that the days of language-learning are something of a trial. We thought ourselves emancipated now at last from the slavery of the school-room, and here we must pour out our souls over gutturals and vowels, over rules and grammars; when we try to speak, the inadequacy of our lisping precludes all possibility of our saying the one thing we came here to declare; at best we stammer out a mockery of the glorious truth.

Then, for all the people are charming and material conditions better than we expected, there does seem a gap between experience and our ideals of seminary days; the old spiritual emotions will not come now to our call; they seem to have been a part of the environment of the homeland which, now in its turn, appears as the romantic world, while this about us is life and

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fact and dullness. This sensation is not, I must hasten to add, habitual with me, but it has its hours, and then I have less difficulty in seeing the point of view of the elders, which at other times I rebel against as cynical.

Lately I met a supercilious native in the train.

"Do you know Tamil?" said he. "No," said I.

"Ah . . . But you know Hindustani?" "No."

"Oh . . . Portuguese? Of course." But I said "No."

A silence followed; the supercilious native threw out his chest, and basked in his own importance.

"Do you know French?" I asked. Hesitatingly: "No," he said.

"Do you know German?" I advanced, emboldened. He coughèd, and answered "No."

"Do you know Latin?" The superciliousness had vanished, and he leered. "I do not," he said.

"But surely you know Greek?" I ended. It was my odd, and there was no reply; he looked intently out into the jungle. And I took out my Tamil grammar. Then a third party entered and sat between us.

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The new arrival wanted to talk religion; not to discuss it nor to listen, but to talk. My part was to keep my temper; I have been told that in these cases the victory lies in showing a higher standard of courteousness than any to which the native is accustomed to see the white aspire.

Another day I was passing through a pagan village, far away from rail or road; it was the evening time, when the people, back from the fields, sit gossiping on the platforms outside the huts. As I came along, a little crowd assembled, and an orator in the midst poured out streams of Tamil which evidently pleased and convinced his audience thoroughly. They would laugh now and then and turn to me. His last words were the only ones I understood, and they meant: "He doesn't understand."

So I got up on one of the platforms, and faced the crowd, which was growing every moment. Of the language I knew about a hundred words, and of these hundred words all but one or two had left me in the lurch. But I opened my mouth and spoke . . . spoke in English . . . spoke the speech of Mark Antony to the mob. And anon I would point to the previous orator with a ges-

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ture of defiance or with a smile . . . and when my memory failed me, I ended, as he himself had done, with the Tamil words for : “He knows nothing at all about it.”

My catechist told me afterwards that the people had been very much impressed. A moral victory need not be won in words.

I am still with another priest and have not yet the responsibility of a district. We get on very well. Of course he is a pessimist; he claims that all missionaries are so after a bit—not in the silly dictionary meaning of the word, of course: “a universal complainer” or “a coward”; but as, in a way, our Lord Himself was—enthusiastic for the salvation of *mankind*, but hopeless of immediate results in *individuals*. Personally I can’t quite see things that way yet. And I enjoy his fun more than I do his theories of life.

This is a note he wrote for me the other day, after I had bought a bicycle; he used to ride one himself, but he has given it up now in favour of a horse, as we have no roads round here, but only trails.

ET DIXIT, VADE

RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF NEW MISSIONERS WHO WANT TO USE A BICYCLE.

I. *Never ring your bell.*

Reasons: A. The native on the road or track will probably not hear the bell, and so you will be left to the last moment in uncertainty as to his intentions, eventually running into him, and being killed. Whereas, if you pass him quickly and silently, he will not awake from his reverie till you are a hundred yards away.

B. If, however, he hears the bell, he will stop, turn around and vacillate. Just as you approach he will hurriedly cross the road in front of you—or into you.

C. If he is leading a bullock by a rope, he will not stop, but, crossing the road as in B, he will stretch the rope across the road, the bullock always remaining on the original side.

D. If he is a Christian, he will wish to get your blessing; accordingly he will lift his hands before his forehead and bow suddenly forward in such a way that your handle-bars get just on a level with his skull.

E. If he is driving a bullock-cart, he will turn

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the bullocks with a jerk and thus bring the cart round to sweep you off the road.

F. If he has a friend walking beside him, the invariable manœuvre on hearing the bell will be to change sides and cross each to the opposite ditch; meanwhile you run over and kill the less prompt of the two.

2. *Never mind the bullocks.*

Reasons: A. If you seem to hesitate, even a solitary bullock will be certain to run *at* you.

B. If you charge dauntlessly, even a herd will run *from* you: after running for half a mile they will probably turn off into a field.

3. *Don't stop for a puncture.*

Reasons: A. There is no water wherewith to locate it.

B. The rubber solution in your tube is dried up.

C. As *every* tree in this country has thorns, you will get another puncture ten yards further on.

Good-bye, my dear brother. You will understand that at this stage of my career I should not

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have much to say about the great object for which I have come to this far country; I am still an *infans*, as I told you. I can hardly dream as yet what my future may be like, but I live in hopes that it may please God to give me many souls that I may bring them to Him . . . and perhaps He will let me suffer later on: just at present, thank you, I am enjoying myself hugely.

Ever gratefully and affectionately yours

JIMMY.



IX

THE EMPRISE.

“WELL, I’m sorry for it,” said the widow, as she picked up her hoe and went off to earn her two cents digging pea-nuts, through the scorching day, on the lands of the local pagan Dives.

This in conclusion to her share in the excited conversation of the village matrons at the well; here, each early morning, they would meet, all dressed alike in a long red cloth wound more or less deftly round the body to the likeness of a skirt and shawl combined, and, while waiting for their turn to draw the cloudy water, hold noisy conversation as hollow as the bellying water-pots resting upon their hips.

Logic is a rare gift among a people few of whose men and none of whose women can read, and where prejudice and custom enact all existing taboos. Accordingly, on this particular morning, it was chiefly the unanalysed impression that

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continuity had been broken which led to the conclusion that it was a pity the Bishop had removed to his rest the old priest, for many years now beyond his work, who had occupied the "rectory," a mud hut, until the previous day, and installed in his place new blood, fresh from the ocean breezes.

There had been nothing as yet to justify any adverse criticism, for indeed the new priest had arrived more dead than alive after some hours of untender prostration in the midst of sundry bags and boxes at the bottom of a bullock-cart, with the result that he had hardly even noted the vociferous welcome and profound salaams of the crowd assembled by the peals of the church gong announcing his arrival.

He was an ordinary sort of a missionary, not exstatic, but possessed by a profound conviction of the "worth while" of his work; he had a few salient and very human faults, some virtues, a little poetry, and a passion for thoroughness, at least so he said himself. With such a character it was something of a "toss-up" whether he would be uniformly miserable among the apathetic and prosaic people of his new district, or, seizing on

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their essential good-will and allowing generously for their shortcomings, enthusiastically happy. As far as he could perceive, he had no inclination to the former attitude; he felt that he was "in for it," which, besides being a decidedly bracing sensation in itself, fitted in most admirably with what Father Ralph Delane was seeking in the apostolic life. He wanted sacrifice, and his new position promised it even more surely than had the loss of his entire property shortly after the accident which has "converted" him.

The house had not been cleaned for many a sultry day; this came home to Father Ralph as he lifted a box from the corner of a shelf and set a terrified scorpion sailing, tail erect and curved for war, up the wall. Nor was the impression, sufficiently brought to the notice indeed of other senses besides that of sight, contradicted by the antics of the cat, which, during supper, chased a large and dangerous centipede from beside the reverend feet.

All this, had she been in the ken, might have afforded the good widow an explanation of what she saw in the morning as she passed the "rectory" on her way (not the shortest way, to be

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sure) to her day's work. The bags and boxes, still unpacked, were all a-scramble round the door, in the space between the chapel and the hut, while old chairs and shaky tables limped in anguish at the prospect of yet another régime, and one which promised to be heavy, after all that they had seen in their long years of service. There was a bonfire within easy reach of the "verandah" steps, yet far enough away to avoid all danger of setting the thatched roof ablaze, and therein might be descried the charred debris of priceless (the new priest had declared them filthy) odds and ends.

"He must have lacs of Rupees!" said the widow to the little boy who came out with the next load of combustibles . . . but it seemed so natural that he *should* have lacs, being a white man, that she forgot to think at all of the two miserable cents she was to get at the end of her day's hard work. But Father Ralph, from within, overheard the remark, and, fondly, thought with some pity of the two cents; the lacs, he knew, were a myth, for he depended entirely upon the vast, but still inadequate, charity of the faithful in Christian countries; yet it was not without an effort

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that he refrained from calling up the widow and giving her a rupee; but his principles came to the rescue: "The faithful must support the Church" . . . the chapel was in ruins, but he wondered how he would ever have the heart to talk about it to these people, and how many widows it would take, earning two cents a day, to pay for obvious repairs.

Meanwhile the old lady, less perplexed than he, had unconsciously reached the conclusion of her argument; with the instinct of child-races, she came up and, after the salutations required by elaborate respect, asked for a medal. Now, since every article, including the closed trunks, was outside the house, there were obviously no medals within reach; which piece of information did not in the least convince the widow: if there were no medals, there *must* be pictures; if no pictures, paper; if no paper, a box; *something* must imperatively be produced to satisfy her notion of the fitness of things, a notion which took small stock of the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Father Ralph at last capitulated on terms of an old illustrated monthly found lying in a corner.

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When, some hours later, all things being duly ordered for existence, the clock and the thermometer were at last unpacked, they both revealed a startling state of things, which made Father Ralph feel justified in remembering that he was on the verge of collapse; a short struggle with his curry and rice, an unconditional surrender to the noon siesta—and the time had come to face some of the problems of his new position.

He sallied out to inspect his village of Nariapet. It was a Christian settlement of a century's standing, but, for a population of over a thousand, the number of huts was alarmingly small; for the village was pressed in on all sides by pagan hamlets, so that the building-space had to be taken on the arable land, itself restricted to the merest fragments of what had once been the broad acres of the original settlers; for where, as in this part of India, the useful land is limited mathematically by the number of cubic feet of water in the rain-tanks (of which each village has one or more), there is no room for the necessary expansion of families, unless it be by the sub-division of land *ad absurdum*; and the double result in the village

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of Nariapet was a disastrous bohemianism (the pretext being a search for work), and the shadow of the money-lender across the threshold of every home.

Father Ralph was well aware that these miserable social conditions would bring upon him a flood of would-be borrowers and that, in the long run, the solution of every problem rested upon him. And he knew that his only answer would have to be his effort to educate his people. He might bring about the erection of a Credit Bank of some sort in the village; he might possibly be able to negotiate the sale on accessible terms of some neighbouring heathen lands; and, if friends came to his assistance, he might, while putting up the necessary buildings for this much-neglected station, provide a slight increase of income for those who were ready to work. But these at best were transient measures, and nothing but an efficient school in their midst could ever lift these people out of the clutches of a crying poverty. And meanwhile, these methods not being instantaneous in effect and the Indian being a grown-up child, his personal popularity (not that this mat-

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tered in the least except in so far as it might affect his success) would go by the board.

The flutter of black arms and legs that was around him before he had gone far into the village served to clinch the conclusion he had just reached. It was clear that a couple of hundred boys and as many girls were running wild all over the country-side, on the plea of minding cattle; he wondered what transformations a little training might not effect and what lights a little catechism might not bring to those dancing black eyes, and he wondered how he was going to manage it all alone; yet one thing was abundantly certain: his first work must be a school. And, as he went out of the village into the rice-fields and saw how they were only kept alive by hard workers getting up before the sun (and the sun is early up in India) to water them, he found a model for himself and felt that if for a single day he neglected the watering of those weak souls, they would very soon dry up in the blaze of paganism in which they lived.

As he came back to the chapel, his thoughts went out to the thirty other villages, of which

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Nariapet was the head-station. Of all these, two only had catechists and the semblance of a school; the rest, filled with *Parias* whose temporal situation was irremediably miserable and whose spiritual poverty was just what one might expect in a semi-savage people living at a distance from the church, left limitless scope for his zeal, much more indeed than he could possibly accomplish.

And then the pagan world faced him; it crushed his villages on every side, till the miracle was how faith could subsist at all when superstition formed the frame of daily life for all with whom the Christians came in contact outside their own few huts. On his way from the distant railway he had passed through many pagan villages and had noted the doors and walls each with its pagan symbols keeping truth and virtue alike at bay . . . each home with its bright-faced children, whose souls looked out of their eyes until they were blighted by what those eyes had seen; each family with the mother still under that contempt which is with us no longer, and the father hard bent on this world's struggle and regardless of the next, unless it be to propitiate in time a god hostile to present interests. And so

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the whole reign of untruth stood up before him as though to crush him who had been sent to combat it—to attack it, or at least to keep it from invading the domain of Truth. And he was alone. . . .

But he bent quicker steps to the poor chapel, where One was waiting who had created and re-created.



THE PAGAN WORLD.

X

GIVEN AWAY.

No wonder the cat was alarmed! You see, she had four kittens in the box at the end of the verandah; and drums do not agree with kittens' nerves.

The drumming had begun on the previous evening, when the two brides had arrived from their respective homes, and, stopping well outside the village, had sent relays of envoys to announce them. Finally drums and torches had escorted them past the little church, up the street of thatched mud houses, to the promised doors. Drums, too, had overawed the night's festivities; and day awakened to the peal of them. No wonder the cat was alarmed!

She was the missionary's cat in an East Indian village; and she had a mission of her own, to keep the rats at a respectful distance from the store of

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rice and from her master's boots. So she did not desert her post under the verandah when the drums passed through the gate into the church enclosure, before Mass. She easily picked out the two bridegrooms, in their flaming coats of yellow, under their portentous turbans, whence flowed the wreaths of flowers that cascaded over their shoulders; she saw their dusky legs and a corner of their faces, through the trimmings. One of them bore a black umbrella, and raised it in protest, maybe, that the sun should rise on such a day, or to avert the (scarcely possible) shower from the yellow coat, or as a sign of aristocracy among fellow-Pariahs. The brides she could not see—they were so small . . . little girls of fifteen with the look of ten; besides all the relatives surrounded them and bore them up as if they were about to swoon.

When all had stooped under the doorway and passed into the bare church—(bare, yes, but she would teach the kittens all about that box under the cupboard, with the candle-ends and oil, where you could almost always get a rat)—she settled down to doze, for, though there came the echo of plenty of loud talking (which did not shock her

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native ear), of some sing-song praying, and even, as a salute at the elevation, of a little drumming, she knew from old experience that it meant no harm for her or hers.

But security is a fragile cup; and when it breaks, valour may have its uses, but those of flight are much more obvious. After Mass, all the world of relatives and witnesses and sympathisers, and—O fear!—of children, came to the verandah for the signing of the books. The cat left her master to look after his own rice—and the boots; the enemy was too strong . . . here was no case for battle; she took refuge under the thatch, on a ridge whence she could watch proceedings with a minimum of personal peril.

Under the verandah were admitted the two bridegrooms and their brides, with supporters (who did not know that they were bridesmaids), and the catechist. The umbrella was there too, but folded. The brides would have preferred, infinitely, to be anywhere else, as witnessed by their persistently closed eyes and wall-turned faces.

Here the cat thought of her kittens and was surprised. She could not see why those two

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little faces, yellow-daubed, with the stiff gold-paper crowns coming almost over their eyes, should look so utterly bewildered. True, she was a missionary's cat, but she did not know all about what happens before the Christian spirit comes over a nation,—how the pagan blood cools slowly, with its vapours of pride and selfishness and filth; how many generations it takes for the family life of a race to change from the scene of a man's self-love to a copy of Nazareth; how, meanwhile, the woman may well be more shy than happy on her wedding-day, in spite of her new red cloth and yellow paint and the flowers in her hair.

Father Tom came out, with his big book, to make a record of the wedding. The party knelt, and he blessed them. And, as they rose, the drums again struck up; then, from the neighbouring fields, went up a frightened band of crows which fluttered, mocking, overhead. And Father Tom smiled, in memory of his ancient dream, and wondered what the crows were saying now. Was it that the dark race were still in a dark land, for all the light of faith had burst upon it? That there still lingered shades of superstition, faintly understood but all too closely

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followed? That the devil still claimed sway over an empire that was slipping from his grasp?

There might still, he reflected, particularly in the wedding-ceremonies, be some pagan customs among his people; it could hardly be supposed that baptism had all at once wiped out the habits of the past. He followed the party with his prayers, and called his catechist.

“You had better go to the wedding-house today, Ubadesi,” he said; “there may be work for you. Be vigilant.” The wise old catechist smiled and went. And the crows settled on the chapel roof.

No wonder the cat was alarmed!



THE BRIDE.

XI

UPHILL.

FATHER NAYAGAM had not been in charge of his district long enough to be known otherwise than as the Little Father. He was still at that stage when the life of a missionary priest seems almost disappointing in its pleasantness; during his fifteen years of training in the native Seminary, he had been preparing for his future as for a struggle with all kinds of hardships—and lo, it was a path of flowers.

In the few weeks, however, which had elapsed since his coming to take charge of a district of his own, he had begun to realise that it is quite another thing to go light-heartedly through a series of duties chosen out to the measure of your strength and laid smilingly upon you by an encouraging senior in the ministry, from having to plan out the whole administration of a district, to

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prop up the flagging energy of others and to bear, yourself, the clash of many wills working at an angle to your own.

Tonight in particular he felt, as he sat out under the stars, waiting for will-power to rise and go to "bed," that it had come at last, that struggle for which he had been training ever since he left his village and his little brother sixteen years before. The trials of the last two days and those he now beheld awaiting him wore so sordid an aspect that the first glance did not reveal them as that glorious crown of thorns for the sake of which he was a priest. But now he had leisure to think how near him God had been—and he braced himself with the thought for the endless struggle of succeeding morrows.

Early yesterday morning he had started from his head-quarters to spend a week in an out-lying station. He had lost his way, of course. . . . For, native though he was, he had been so long in the company of his teachers that he looked upon the world as they had taught him to look, and he could hardly claim to fathom more than they the untutored souls of his own race. He only knew that there are some things which no

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one must expect from them, though what these were he had not as yet fully realised and the reason why these particular categories escape the native mind remained an enigma to him no less than to the whites. Three or four times he had asked his way. The invariable answer had been a graceful circular wave of the arm, accompanied or not (according to what the questioned had taken for his breakfast) by the single word which expresses "over there," uttered in a tone suggestive of infinite and inaccessible distance. He had accordingly kept on in the same direction, which was the wrong one, and found himself at last in the jungle, among the rocks.

Hedged in with a variety of thorny bushes, his goat-path threaded an uncertain course; stones strewn the ground, giving the horse much trouble; still, progress was not impossible until the hills were reached; gradually the great piles of smooth, round boulders, like the heaps of marbles in a toy-shop window, rose nearer and nearer to the foot-path, on either side, until they met and barred it. Panthers by night and men by day could well enough get over, but the feat of inducing an iron-shod horse to step from boulder to

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boulder for a distance of some twenty yards required more of circus-training than Father Nayagam had gotten in all his Seminary course. Here, he reflected, was a chance to discover how great an obstacle was needed to keep him from his people. So he dismounted, resolved to get that pony over.

The poor beast was, of course, decidedly averse to the attempt, from the beginning; yet it was at last cajoled onto the first rock, Father Nayagam skipping to the next with a guide-rope in his hand; how it got onto the second rock was a mystery to all concerned, but, once there, it was in the impossibility of going back; the third rock was negotiated with such a narrow escape from a fall that Father Nayagam resolved to go more boldly, lest the stopping at each rock should make the horse as nervous as he was himself: he started off with a series of brisk jumps, which the obedient animal copied, with furious clatter of stone and metal, in the rear; then, thoroughly frightened, it cleared the remaining space with a single bound; the rope had been dropped, and over it the creature tripped as it landed, and fell into a thorn-bush just beyond the rocks. There

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was no comment from the horse, when it got to its feet again, beyond an occasional twitching of the skin where it felt the thorns. Father Nayagam, meanwhile, was busy thanking his angel guardian.

The sun was high by this time, and the rocks, themselves in fever, threw back its rays into the torrid air, which throbbed, steaming and vibrating. Father Nayagam was exhausted, and the horse no less.

Fortunately the track led, before long, into a village, and the right direction was ascertained; there remained a journey of five miles. To spare his mount, Father Nayagam would now and then get off and walk a little; then, as the ground blistered his feet and the sun burned through his clothes, he would think it safer to go fast and get the coolness of the wind. But the horse was foaming, and the foam dried in cakes upon its body; and whenever a miserable tree loomed within sight there would be a pull upon the reins in that direction.

The chapel was reached at last. It stood, a small, square building with a crazy roof of broken tiles, in the middle of a field on the borders of a

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village—and there was not a tree within a furlong all around it.

The people were out in the fields, at work. The boy who had been sent “to get things ready” had unlocked the door, dumped within the chapel all that had come yesterday in the cart, and gone off. Not seeing the priest arrive, he had cooked no rice, and, deepest of crimes, had fetched no water. Father Nayagam smiled grimly, as his memory made a leap of sixteen years.

He unsaddled the horse, groomed it with a handful of straw and tied it on the “shady” side of the chapel to the window-bars, that burned his fingers as he tied the rope.

Inside the chapel, on the floor, he found a magic-lantern, a washing-basin, a bag of native sweets (invaded by the ants), a Mass-box, some potatoes, a confessional, pots and pans, a register and a trunk; this congeries of properties had been flung from the cart into the chapel, and lay awaiting him. But, without water, all these objects were supremely useless. He was compelled to sally forth to the village well. I may safely say that no power on earth but his ministry or this

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thirst could have dragged him out into the sun again; but he went, drew his pot of brackish water, drank, and brought some water to his horse. Just as he had finished, the boy arrived, innocent and cool and smiling. He had been asleep and was refreshed. . .

The afternoon was spent in looking up the names of all who should be Christians in that village, which had been, of necessity, neglected for the past two years. Two old men were found, who, squatting on the floor of the chapel, answered Father Nayagam's questions as best they could. Sometimes they would contradict each other flatly:

"Peter? No, he's not a Christian. He beats the drum at all the pagan festivals."

"That's no matter. I know he went to Mass once in the rainy season, over at the big church . . . and nearly got drowned on the way back."

"Yes, but he said he thought it was the devil that tried to drown him; so he wouldn't go to church any more."

"No, no! He's all right, is Peter. And anyway, why do you tell the Father that?"

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Father Nayagam took notes of all these side-lights, and prepared to meet the people when, at sun-down, they should come home from work.

That evening Father Nayagam had his first experience with neophytes in the confessional; he emerged a century older. The sensation was like that of coming down a steep staircase in the dark; and it was a staircase of fifty flights, and the steps were rickety and broken, sometimes cut away altogether, and irregular in height and width; and there were landings at unexpected intervals . . . and no banister at all. Now and then he would send back a penitent to the catechist for more instruction, when it was clear that no notion whatever of the sacrament had entered the elemental skull; the catechist could put things more bluntly.

Late in the evening, just as he was sitting down to his curry, there came a message from the village across the rice-fields that a woman was dying, in convulsions, and that he was wanted instantly; it was not far. It was a two-mile walk; the thought that it might just as easily have been



A PARIAH NEOPHYTE.

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twenty was a doubtful consolation. The case was one of mere hysterics, and it did not take the priest five minutes to pacify the patient; but it was precisely during those five minutes that the pent-up rain of months began suddenly to come down. He squatted down within the hut and waited; but the rain grew heavier every moment, and he soon realised that if he waited longer he would be cut off altogether from the chapel; besides he felt himself assuming rapidly the proportions of a white elephant in that little house, for it is not in the East as with us; when the priest has done all that he can do or given all that he can give, he is welcome . . . to go home.

And so Father Nayagam marched out into the darkness. He had his rosary in one hand and a big stick in the other; the big stick was for the purpose of striking the ground before him, in Indian fashion, to frighten the snakes out of his path; the beads were a link with the further Yonder. The footpath which he had to take led between the rice-fields; it was never more than twenty inches wide, and it passed often on the edge of wells, which, filled with the sudden deluge, were quite indistinguishable from the

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fields. He reflected with some satisfaction that he had no sense whatever trained for the work in hand; in the utter darkness there could be no question of seeing, even dimly, where he went; hearing was overwhelmed by the rush of waters and the croaking of a million toads bellowing with delight after the drought, toads that in his early years he had taken for flocks of sheep bleating frantically in the wet nights. The scent of steam, rolling up as the rain sank into the earth, hid the usual exhalations of an Indian village. And all the feeling that could be done he would accomplish with the far end of his long stick. It was a case of throwing oneself back on God, absolutely; and he had never felt so happy in his life; if joy is the end of man, surely, thought he, I am being rewarded now for the agony of those confessions. Blindly he walked forward, and neither slipped nor faltered; and, while he thought he was still among the rice-fields, he found himself unexpectedly on firm land close to the chapel door.

Things returned to normal with the discovery that his rice had been left just so on the little table; and the horse was shivering outside in the

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rain; the catechist, the horse-keeper and the boy were asleep each in his own corner of the chapel.

The most urgent work was to bring the horse inside. But the door was narrow and the step high, and the unfortunate beast was frightened alike by the deluge outside and the light within. Now you can't get behind a horse and push; and it is mighty little use to get in front and pull; it was a question of awakening the intelligence of the beast; experience with the natives had taught Father Nayagam that the brain and the stomach are close allies; so he rattled the pail in which the charger was wont to feed, and placed it, within the chapel, just too far in for the horse to reach it from outside. The horse stretched desperately, and all but lost its balance; but instinct saved it, and it retreated precipitously into the rain; thence it had to be fetched, and, in for a penny in for a pound, fetched it was, with such determination that it was inside before it knew exactly what was happening.

The presence of Pegasus in the chapel created severe internal complications; a horse requires not a little space to desport its noble self, even when tied, almost literally, hand and foot; and

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there were four people each requiring a minimum of room that could not be diminished by the most severe self-sacrifice. And the roof, withal, leaked in all but a single place, which was directly over the hind quarters of the horse. Nobody spoke much that night; but neither did any one sleep fast or long; for, besides the thunder, there was the frequent need of taking up one's bed and walking to what seemed a dryer spot (that which the other man had left a moment earlier). The boy, who refused to be disturbed by any manner of contingency, remained where he first lay down; but, besides getting wetter than the rest, he was punished by the white ants, which came up through the floor under his mat and devoured the under half completely.

The congregation at Mass was large, but restless. The rain had provided a heavy load of work, which they were eager to begin; they listened with attention while Father Nayagam explained what he was going to do, but as the Mass proceeded, the women began to talk, the babies to squeal and the children to crack pea-nuts and munch them with vociferous relish. The catechist tried his best to discipline these poor

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neglected people, but no event maintains their interest for long; and the priest at the altar was soon preoccupied with the thought of the appalling need for men in the mission field, in order that these outlying villages might be adequately cared for; and this was his complaint throughout the Sacrifice.

The morning went to setting on foot the preparations for the children's First Communion; they started learning or re-learning the prayers. During this process a group of heathens appeared at intervals in the vague distance and produced a somewhat disconcerting series of guffaws; no notice being taken, they were finally reduced to silence; pagans, said I . . . but Father Nayagam knew well enough that some of them had been baptised and had fallen away; the pagan world in which they lived had been too strong for them, and there had been no rescue at the crisis.

The Christians were all Pariahs. The pagans of the village, who were caste-folk and well-to-do, employed the Pariahs as menials, almost as slaves. And they were a cause of serious annoyance to the priest; for, while pretending, with obsequious courtesy, the greatest possible friend-

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ship for the missionary, they make it practically impossible for the Pariahs to be good Christians, purposely preventing them from coming to the church when they are wanted for instruction. Not a few first Communions were missed on this account.

Irregular marriages were fortunately few and proved easy to bring round; but in the very midst of this work drums were heard in the distant corners of the village, announcing a wedding-feast, the wedding of a baptised girl who was being given into a pagan household. Thus is the missionary's soul battered about between hope and despair, success and failure; and it must be, the while, possessed in patience.

And so tonight, weary and all alone, Father Nayagam sat thinking over his new vision of the missionary life. He had not seen, before, that it was hard; now he could hardly see that it was beautiful. The trials, whether physical or moral, wore a sordid aspect; they were mean, not glorious at all; they were wracking, not exhilarating.

Then he lay back and looked up into the sky. And his eyes were dazzled and delighted by the

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stars. And he bethought him that God, too, as He looks down upon the earth has His vision of stars in the blackness of pagandom: there are His missioners, each hurrying in his own course, burning himself up in his own work, suffering but throwing a ray of gladness to the Heart of God. And he rejoiced and was at peace, and he arose and betook him to his rest under the loving eye of the Almighty.



AN ADMINISTRATION CHAPEL.

XII

THY KINGDOM COME.

THE Catholic Church, were it made up of souls alone, would run a smoother course towards the salvation of mankind. But it is made up of men—souls and bodies—and of nations of men. Hence the vast adaptability—compellent, withal, and absorbent of all manner of civilisations—which is laid upon her as a condition of her growth. This adaptable faculty of the Church is not, however, strengthened with the ages; for the accretions of liturgy and discipline, the extensive body of thought and practise to which, apart from morals and from dogma, she is committed, all tend to weaken the reaction upon her of those civilisations to which, for ever faithful, she would deliver her message in these latter days. Those who are now at work for the Church in pagan lands have, in certain respects, more to require of her future children than the

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earlier apostles, and they are proportionately slower in the effecting of results. At the same time, while the need of preserving unity throughout the masses of humanity grouped around her standard does, to be sure, hamper her powers of accommodation, the Church does not fail to show herself consistently in sympathy with the needs, customs and aspirations of the various nations which are still in the process of emerging from idolatry.

One may point, as an example, to the pilgrimages and feasts held in many parts of India, chiefly in honour of Our Lady. They coincide so perfectly with the pre-existing customs of the natives that we may say they sprang into existence as of necessity. If many a pagan will measure with his body, falling and rising, the road from his own doorstep to the distant shrine of some pretended god, if yearly the number of Hindu pilgrims at each celebrated shrine runs into hundreds of thousands, can we be surprised to see our Christians choose special places where they will gather for loud devotions, true to their own standards and borrowing nothing from the staid and adult West.

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One of the quietest and most decorous festivals of this kind in Southern India is the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Chetpat in North Arcot. It takes place at the close of the February harvest season, and attracts many families of all castes and classes from the surrounding country. The events of the first week cluster round the Church of the Immaculate Conception in the village. On the first evening of the feast, amid the heaven-splitting din of drums and native fifes, a flagstaff is erected near the entrance to the compound in which stands the church, as a signal that the festival is opened. A flag is blessed—the ritual prayer creeping meekly up to heaven through the rift made by the pitiless drummers—and the spirit of excitement is let loose. Shelters are run up for the expected pilgrims, the wells are cleaned and candles are made ready. The first few days are devoted to a little mission for the local Christians, who then give room to the oncoming crowds from far and wide. The three last days of the novena are the real, unmitigated feast; from all sides pour in bullock-carts loaded with large families piled in unmerciful congestion

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amid cooking-apparatus upon the load of hay. Pilgrims to Lourdes are less poetic, with their dinners *à la carte*, but I am not sure that their devotion loses much thereby; for the buying and preparing of food, the drawing and using of water and the driving and tending of bullocks make an amount of noise which can only be adequately valued by one who has been trying to hear confessions for some hours in a strange language above the din of these domestic cares.

Meanwhile the sale of candles has begun. The people do not wish them, as at Lourdes, to be burnt before the statue of Our Lady as symbols of the faith of those who offer them, but, taking their candles in hand, they proceed on their knees from the church door to the sanctuary, where they offer the candles as an alms for the completion of the church. Sometimes, to obtain a special grace or to atone for some egregious misdeed, they will make in the same posture the complete circuit of the church, not always without the friendly encouragement of those who watch them pass. For the decorum of God's outward service is a point of view that has not yet found its place in hearts comparatively fresh from a

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religion in which noise and piety and laughter are, if not synonymous, at least mutually complete. And this appears precisely the adaptability of the Church which, while repressing abuses, will not cramp devotion from manifesting itself in its own way. If at Lourdes it seems quite natural for us to see the faithful kneel with their arms outstretched in memory of Christ's intercession on the Cross, so in India to the natives it seems altogether natural to give their own outward expression to their humble supplications. Where, as at the little shrine of Our Lady of Remedies, outside Mexico City, native piety thinks fit to carry penance to the limits of the frivolous, one may be tempted to ask for a fuller supervision; but at Chetpat, if the quaint has wisely been allowed, the burlesque is kept at a respectful distance.

The most striking item of the festival is the procession through the pagan village. Some two and a half miles from the church there is a mountain once called "Satan's Hill," where stands a tiny chapel to the Virgin Mother; at the foot of the mountain is a grotto imitating that of Lourdes; but it is not much frequented out-

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side this festive season, owing to its distance from human habitation and its closeness to the rocks which are the home of snakes and monkeys, visited often by prowling panthers and daily by the cruel sun. To this place, then, on the last morning of the feast, the people flock, before the dawn, for Mass; they draw with them a “magnificent” car, supporting a brilliant dome over the statue of Our Lady. This chariot, which at every bend of the rough road has to be lifted and pointed in the right direction, remains all day at the foot of the mountain, while the pilgrims return, for High Mass and other celebrations, to Chetpat. But when the sun has gone West and man may call the earth his own again, a great procession is begun. Two chariots, of less splendour than Our Lady’s, carry other statues to join hers as it returns from the mountain. The meeting takes place outside the village, and the procession turns for home. A gang of fire-workers leads the way, shooting rockets and burning Bengal lights; drums and tom-toms drown the exclamations of the crowd. Between the first two chariots walk the native teachers of the village school; behind the last one come the

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priests, choked by the dust, deafened by the uproar, blinded by the torches that are carried round the cars; in place of recollected prayer, they offer for their people the wracking asunder of every sense. The catechists recite the rosary and are answered by the people round them; but louder than their praying are the comments of the crowd; for it must not surprise the reader to be told that there are more pagans than Christians at the pageant and that, indeed, this is precisely one of the big reasons for keeping this pilgrimage alive; it serves, on the one hand, to give the pagans just a glimpse of our religion, and that from a point of view which they can readily understand; and, on the other hand, it shows them that in numbers and in rank (the stock objection of respectable heathens in that country) we are truly worthy of social recognition. And so, amid bustle incredible, the procession, swelled by the entire population of the village, enters the church compound and, for Benediction, the church itself. During this ceremony the pagans have taken up positions on all the walls and trees; and now the Christians join them; there follows a display of fire-works during which the rocket-shooters show

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a skill equal to their imprudence, so that the scorches and scratches that pay for the amusement of the crowd are generally few. The end is a tremendous bomb which seems a final and still unavailing attempt to proclaim by mere volume of sound the glories of the Mother, who "kept all these things, pondering them in her heart."

And the crowds retire, proud to belong to so bold and flaring a religion, stronger in their faith and in their purpose. If our souls, born of centuries of faith, could wish for some more mild expression of our brother's love, yet may we be certain that Our Lady is pleased to accept him as he is, and to bless him.

And thus the Church goes her way, casting raw material in her divine mould, till men and nations all shall issue in the form of Jesus Christ. And Mary is with her, pleading for graces, that her progress may not slacken but increase.

XIII

ANGELUS SATANÆ.

My dearest Brother:

This time I write to you in quite a different mood from that of my last letter. Since then I have been given charge of a huge district and have got right into the thick of life. It is half a year since I last wrote to you . . . and, indeed, today I have not more time at my disposal than I have had, but I feel the need of sitting down and inflicting myself upon somebody—just to let off steam. Besides, I know that your answer will be helpful, though by the time I get it I shall, no doubt, have found grace to wrestle with the demon of discouragement which comes to each of us in turn, and strikes below the belt.

The very vermin are in league with it! Half my books and boxes, linen, vestments, doors and the very rafters of my roof are a prey to the white ants.

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The bats have made their home above my altar, and respect no single object in my chapel.

I bought a pump for drawing oil; next morning it was clogged with ungodly caterpillars and slimy worms.

Crows hop and howl around me all the day; owls choose the nearest trees at night; rats come and suck my toes and wake me to the baying of the jackals.

Over and through all obstacles the ants have got into my food-store. I found my folded rug providing cosy dwellings for a family of scorpions. Every crick and cranny shelters centipedes and bugs.

By daylight the sun; by moonlight the mosquitoes; by darkness snakes . . . and, by all weather, man.

What a provoking people these delicious Orientals are! For one thing, I can't get accustomed to their ignorance; of course, when you come to think of it, they *can't* know all the things that are axioms to us; but it needs some practise to remember that you have to try and prove the axiom every time. Still, as between total ignorance and a little learning, I think I still pre-

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fer my peasants to the town-folk. Listen to the latest from the Bishop: A native citizen accosted him in the street, in jubilation. "No more fasting, I hear, my Lord. No more Sunday Mass." "How so?" "Why, isn't it true? Someone was just telling me that the Pope had lost his temporal power."

That was a Christian. But what I am really talking about now is the other kind—the pagans. I am goaded to speak about them by the tone of those terrible letters I keep getting from good folks at home who expect me to be *convincing* the pagans, don't you know, and *converting* them by my logic. Now the Oriental peasant is not, of course, amenable to *argument* (who is, indeed?). What I mean is that he doesn't worship from any philosophical or theological conclusion he has come to, but from the motive of servile fear, *un point, c'est tout*. And when he is persuaded, as many of them are, that the gods are powerless, he still continues all his practises, because *perhaps* there *may* be *something* after all, and it is wise to be upon the safer side. Nor is this the case in India alone; I have written evidence of the same for China and Japan; besides, you who have

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a brother in an Eastern port know how much the Orientals are alike. From Africa, too, a missionary writes as follows to one of the missionary papers:

“The heathens out here make no intellectual effort to discern the true religion. In their minds there is no difference between us and the Protestants as far as religion is concerned, and the fact that both alike teach reading and writing means more to the raw natives than do matters relating to their immortal souls. Hence they will form and change their religion for the lightest and most futile reasons, and they will in most cases go and study in the nearest place, be it Catholic or Protestant.

“You see, we do not deal with enlightened people as did the Apostles in the early ages of the Church. The natives who approach us are generally not led by a desire to hear what our religion has to teach. In most cases they come because they are curious to see a white-face, or because they want to ask him for a cent or for a cigarette.”

Now from this attitude of mind there are but two paths leading to the true religion: one is a

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transforming grace, given only to a very few, at the choice of God, whose ways we are not called upon to fathom; the other is a temporal interest so strong that it over-rides the superstition. I need hardly add that we have not, in general, such temporal inducements strong enough to act upon a multitude, but upon one or other at a time.

But the home public has been always fed upon the sugar coating of romance that hides the missionary life; and if you give them a taste of the inside, you are a pessimist, and reprehensible. Well, be it so: the loss is theirs.

You will readily understand my eagerness in the cause of education. My opportunities in that line have not been very great; but in my Christian village I have started a big school, on the following principles:

1. Oblige the Christians to send their children to school unless absolutely needed to earn the daily rice.

2. Then make the school a place to which the children will rather come than stay away.

3. Finally, get the Christians to tell the pagans all about it, and try to make the latter seek admission.

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Now, though I still believe in the method, I may tell you that the working of it has fairly worn me to a skeleton.

To effect No. 1, I had, at first, to go out on horse-back and bring in the children from the fields. Meanwhile the teachers were doing very much what they liked, and the school was anything but a paradise. If, on the other hand, I stayed in the school and worked at 2, the attendance promptly fell. If I punished the truants, they naturally objected to the school still more.

I am still working at conciliating 1 and 2. No. 3 has not begun to act. I am not for giving up, by any means; but I am getting, I admit, the worst of it just now.

Getting the worst of it seems to be a part of the game all along, for the missionary. He gets the worst of it from the climate anyway . . . and from the character of the people, which he cannot hope to alter.

When he first gets the responsibility of a district on his shoulders, he will probably find that his predecessor had not had time to leave him a single line of intelligible information to guide his ministrations, and he will get very much the

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worst of it as he tries to make out things for himself.

When first he preaches in a foreign (God knows how foreign) language, he will get the worst of it, tripping over words that are too long, right into the middle of the succeeding sentence.

He will get the worst of it when, just as things are getting nicely started, his catechist goes down with small-pox.

He will get the worst of it when he wants to build a shelter for his horse. The carpenter will be otherwise engaged; the wall-maker, unless he be watched with care that puts to death all possibility of other occupation, will put the wall where the space ought to be; and the envoy who has been sent for the right kind of covering for the roof will return with just the right kind of food for the white ants. Then, if the missionary uses all the powers of invective with which a merciful Providence had thoughtfully provided him, he will look no less ridiculous than other angry men, the invectives will not penetrate the Oriental mind, the work will not be done . . . and he will get the worst of it in the end.

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I find it a very different thing to be patient with people's foolishness from being patient with their ill-will; and I am still apt, with these people, to take stupidity for cussedness.

Shortly after my arrival here I was given a small harmonium and I installed it in the chapel. The very day after it was first put in, I got a deputation asking to have back the "tom-tom."

Often you are called out in the mid-day sun to a distant sick-call; you arrive in a state worse than the patient's, and squat down for his confession. And he, living in a pagan village (you guess what that means) smiles at you blandly and declares that never, *never* did he fall so low as to commit even a *little* sin. You go over all the questions of the text-books, and, with each of his replies, your devotion to scholastic learning wanes. You find your casuistry fails utterly of conviction. You must re-learn your values. In the Orient, an honest servant is one that will steal *less*; a good workman is one who *sometimes* works; a quite superlative washerman is one who does not ruin *all* your linen. "Mine"—everything; "yours"—whatever I have not yet been

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able to get hold of. "Truth"—whatever I want you to believe; "untruth"—whatever may damage me. And the rest.

Talking of theft . . . a missionary once expressed his surprise that there was anything left in India—except the climate: nobody wanted that!

Another cloud that has been darkening my thoughts of late is the terrific amount of material work we have to do. A class-mate of mine, who is in Papua, wrote lately: "Nowhere have I read of missionaries being obliged by circumstances to put aside the ministry of souls and spend their time building roads in order to reach the natives they have come to evangelise. . . . Faith alone is capable of safeguarding against despair the missionary whose best years are spent in such a way." Well, we can all see poetry in other people's work; it seems to me there is more romance in his situation than in that of one who is for ever supervising coolies and brick-layers, carpenters and farm-hands. But who knows?

While I am at it, let me pour out all my worries. You know that I am shy. I have none of the qualities of the auctioneer, none of the virtues of

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the show-master. I think that a converted penny-peep-show man (presuming all such to need converting) would make a superlative missionary apostolic. Some of the saints are praised for their hatred of the gaze of men; they would not, in so far, have been naturally gifted for the missions; and indeed none of the great missionaries were of the retiring type. The missionary must be resigned to being stared at by little boys, often to being followed by a mimicking troupe of them; stared at during all the functions of his ministry, whether in the church or on the roadside or in the dwellings of his people; nor will the staring always be of the most friendly kind.

And now that I am getting to the end, I may as well admit that all this grumbling melancholy has its source in the slipping from me of a single soul. One of my boys, who was very close to me and could have known, did know in fact, the view of life I came out here to teach, has, after giving trouble in various ways, gone off to live as a pagan with his pagan relatives. It has been a smashing blow to my trust in the *immediate* results of our efforts among these people. And I

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cannot look at things quite sanely yet. On us who live alone and unsupported these pin-pricks have, I suppose, undue effect.

Since it happened, I have been abundantly engaged trying to keep my temper, an occupation not unaccompanied with violence and perspiration under a tropical sky. Then there is the basic preoccupation of money, which makes all our works go lame; the invincible stubbornness of Oriental apathy, which adds to our own labour that of drawing along the wills of others; no one to trust absolutely, no one to be proud of, no one of whom to say: "Here is the finished article"; but always the daily screwing of our own will to the sticking-point, the maintaining of it there, and the huge, unequal struggle to keep our surroundings in tune. And of these the effort to keep our own will stiff is by far the most wearing effort. In prayer the ideal shines out; and, as long as its Pillar of Light is ahead, all things can be dragged along; but if you once get a dark night, one of those Eastern nights when everything just disappears, even your own hand held before your eyes, and *a fortiori* God's hand under yours . . . then you saddle your horse and gallop to your

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furthest station, singing . . . or you sit down and write a letter to a friend.

The dealing in elemental humanity, which is one of the differentiating points of "missionary" life is, no doubt, one of the realest of our trials—and that is just where sanctity would come in useful; genuine, right-through holiness without humbug. *Mais voilà* . . . the cross of our own imperfection will not be put away.

And the last thorn is the consciousness of how much work goes unaccomplished. Taking into account the sluggishness of our elements and the size of our districts, the extreme limitation of our funds and of the physical powers of endurance in most of us, you will soon realise how small we feel in these vast worlds, and how, every moment, we are thrown back on God, both for our own support and for the final triumph of the Faith.

Thank you, I feel better; better for having expressed my feelings, both those that are permanent and those that will be gone tomorrow; better especially in the thought that you will understand and pray for me.

Good-bye, dear Brother. *Bon courage.*

My last word must be one of thanks to you for

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my vocation, a glorious one *malgré tout*; and,
under God, it is to you I owe it.

Ever your affectionate and grateful

JIMMY.



XIV

ELEGY.

WHY do the little jackals gather, gather in the jungle, wailing? He was loved, ah! loved—and he is dead.

Lo, how the humbled forests are strewn with the labour of his hands. He had cut the pine-trees to the heart, and had towered, mocking, over their fallen trunks.

For God's work only had he cut them, and they murmured not, but sobbed a little, and fell—and they were his. And he had stripped them of their green boughs and their bark; and had caressed them and had smitten them with tender hands; for were they not to be the pillars of a church of God?

Why do the little jackals gather, gather in the jungle, wailing? He was loved, ah! loved—and he is dead.

He had risen in the morning to his labours; had dug the holes for all his mighty poles; with more than a man's strength and more than a

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woman's care he had lifted them and set them upright and bound them with roots of rock to their new soil.

And his strong frame, full of the power of his young manhood, exulted in the toil and in the sunlight that weighed so heavy on the aged earth.

He had risen in the morning to his labours; and at even-time he rested in the grave.

Why do the little jackals gather, gather in the jungle, wailing? He was loved, ah! loved—and he is dead.

For there was one tree that had rebelled against the felling, that had slipped awry and threatened him. And this tree, now his best and biggest pole, was the last to be lifted, as a cross-beam, above all the others.

But it was a rebel still, and would not rest, not even in the house of God. And as he climbed to tie it down, it slipped the ropes and fell upon him and bore him to the ground.

And all who saw cried out in horror. And the frightened crows took wing and flew away.

And now the little jackals gather, gather in the jungle, wailing. . . . For he was loved, ah! loved—and he is dead.

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Neither did they know, his people, that he had been their strength; neither did he understand, their priest, that he had been their treasure. He had not spared them, but tormented them, that they should be holy; they had been wilful, and he had suffered. And he did not know how much he was to them: with his life their own went out and they sat disconsolate, nor would they work or speak or eat.

The teacher took the little children and bid them pray. But the chapel was an empty vault, and they could no more than whisper; nor could the teacher say the prayers at all; for *he* was gone (whom he had thought harsh, but who was his stay) upon whom he had each moment rested: the strong was fallen, and the weak could rise no more.

And still the little jackals gather, gather in the jungle, wailing. . . . For he was loved, ah! loved—but he is dead.

And so went Father Tom unto his rest, who had longed and suffered, loved and suffered, suffered and died. And his joy is a joy exceeding great.

XV

THE VETERAN.

"I'VE come to be wound up," said Father Ralph, dismounting.

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the veteran; "these young men are always in the blues. What *is* the matter?"

"I don't seem to be *getting* anywhere, that's all." And the young man made for the corner of the residence that was curtained off for a bathroom. He had been riding for six hours in the sun.

The conversation continued to the sound of splashing on the one side and of table-laying on the other: the veteran knew where to begin the winding process!

"God bless the man who invented water!" said Father Ralph, as he drew can after can from the porous vessel at his feet and tilted it over his tired limbs.

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"Man bless the *God* who invented water," the veteran corrected.

"Yes," said Father Ralph; "I have had too much of man lately, and too little of God. That's why I came here."

"Quite right, my boy. Hurry up and come to dinner. How long is it since you've had anything to eat?"

Father Ralph heard a hammer working on a tin of something from Madras. "Three months," he said, unblushingly.

The veteran chuckled.

During the meal, they talked about the Bishop, "got him down to a fine point," as Father Ralph expressed it. The subject was always felt to be an entertaining one, and safe. You could tell stories, certain that they would not be believed, grumble and do no harm to anyone. Altogether, Bishops are a very useful institution.

Then the veteran took out his best cheroots (at 50¢. a hundred) and settled down to listen. But Father Ralph already felt, in this genial presence, so much better that he could hardly summon back the "blues" to talk about them.

"Fire away," said the old man.

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“Rotten hole, that Nariapet,” said Father Ralph.

“A good deal less rotten these last six months, from all accounts.”

“What accounts, may I ask?”

“Well, you know, your people are constantly over this way in search of work. You don’t suppose they forget the language once they get outside your village, do you?” The veteran closed his eyes, and smiled provokingly.

“What have they been saying, anyhow?” asked the other.

“They say there isn’t a school like theirs in the Mission, nor a congregation like theirs in the country, nor a priest like theirs in the world.”

“Oh, that’s it, is it? They spend their nights and days plotting to destroy the school; they threaten, whenever I look serious, to dispense with Mass; they have no occupation half so popular as making trouble for the priest. Then they come over here and open their mouths and lie. I understand!”

“I wish you did!” replied the veteran.

“You don’t know the trouble I have had with

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those people about that school," said Father Ralph.

"Don't I?" thought the veteran, and he glanced up to where his own school, the pride of the whole Mission, cast a long shadow upon the earth.

"If I were building a gaol to put them in, I'd have a better time with them," grumbled the young priest. "They can't see the use of education, but they can see the use of the kids going after the cattle; there is not a single family but would take its boys away to-morrow if I allowed it . . . but I won't," he added, almost savagely.

"Quite right," said the veteran; "but you can't expect them to like that frown of yours, now can you?"

"Well, I wouldn't frown if they'd be decent," said Father Ralph.

"And they'd be decent if you didn't frown. . . . So there we are. I quite admit we must be serious and not unbend too much with these people. But you must learn to be serious and smiling both together."

There was a pause.

"'Not a priest like him in the world' was ex-

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actly what one of your people told me about you only yesterday," said the veteran, tempting him.

"Who was it?"

"Rayappen, the carpenter."

"Did he? Well, three weeks ago, when I was down with fever, he came and called me to bless his house or something. . . . 'It would kill me to get up, Rayappa,' said I. 'Oh, but, if you die, they'll give us another swâmi, won't they?' was his reply. So you see he doesn't care so very much about me after all."

"Not as a man; of course not. We didn't come here to make friends, but to make Christians. You went, didn't you?"

"Why, yes."

"I told you so. That's why he thinks you are the cream of pastors. He is perfectly well aware that not another would have budged. But it meant more to him just then than twenty extreme-unctions such as would have taken other men out of their beds. To him the two duties were identical; it suited him to have his house blessed then, just as it might have suited him to die. And you were paid for being ready."

"Paid?"

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"Yes."

"There are twenty cents in my residence at present, I may tell you. And no more to come for six weeks."

"Yes, but does Rayappen know that? And would he believe it if you were to tell him, however solemnly?"

"No."

"Precisely."

There was no reply. But Father Ralph still frowned a little. Then he asked:

"Did you ever hear the welcome given by an officer to a new missionary in Africa, and the reply? 'You will be home again, Father, in a couple of years; we can't live long out here' . . . 'Live long? We come out here to die, Sir, not to live.' That's true of us," said Father Ralph.

"You think so?"

"Yes; the *heart* dies, anyway. Or it is paralysed. We have nothing but the *soul* to work with out here."

"In other words we have to pass the age of sentiment and get down to business. *Habes*," said the old man, and beamed.

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"If it hadn't been so sudden," went on the other, returning to the literal, "I should say that Father Tom was a lucky man."

"You shouldn't say anything of the kind, my boy. He was reckless with his strength; otherwise he would have had long years of powerful work before him, just as you have."

"By the way, did you hear that one of his boys stole his watch when he was dead? Mean, mean," he growled.

"It only shows that his work was not yet finished, as I was saying. You young men can't get away from the idea that impetuosity is zeal, and visible results success. And so you go too fast . . . and get killed, like him, or discouraged, like you. It's a pity."

"Oh, I'm not discouraged. Only I do feel that there are times when life out here seems rather like stringing beads on a spider's thread—that's all."

"Well, but what if the spider be the Lord Almighty?"

So they talked on, the older man strengthening the younger in his courage and correcting him in his ideal.

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"You're having the time of your life, if you only knew it," he said at last.

"Yes," said the other, "listening to you."

"Not that, you perverse creature. But believing in the daylight is not easy after dark; and you are learning, now, to do it."

"Never mind about the daylight," retorted Ralph. "What I want to see is the mustard-tree; we sow and water, and that seems to be the end of it. Why can't we all do like Father Darras, with his 30,000 converts?"

"Because 'there's a fearful interval between the seed and the timber.' Even of those 30,000 you can say that in many cases the seeds had been planted long years before and did but grow to maturity at the contact of his zeal; in the majority of cases they are far from being timber even yet. Father Darras, of course, admits as much. He would not have baptised had he not felt that he could count upon our courage to instruct."

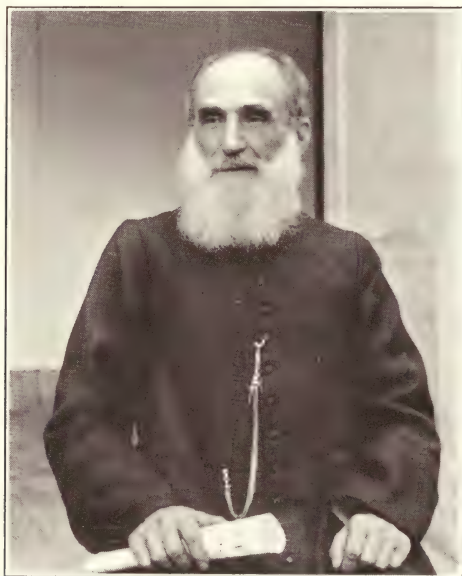
"The fact remains that he succeeded, and we don't. He baptised; we sink under his sheaves."

"But, child, it is not in the pouring out of water (God forbid) that lies the merit of the apostolic life . . . but in the pouring out of blood."

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"I suppose you're right," said Father Ralph.
"And it is not always the biggest wounds that bleed the most."

"Come and see my new plantation," said the veteran.



THE VETERAN.

XVI

O VOS OMNES!

FATHER RALPH, on his way home, was buoyant and full of plans. He would not try yet, he resolved, to understand his people; but he would work for them, harder than ever—and be patient.

But in the midst of his fair projects there arose the vision of those twenty cents, the last of his resources; and he laughed. He remembered hearing how another missionary, having tried, with a hundred fruitless efforts, to find helpers for his work, had written at last, in despair, to the Bishop, asking to be *forbidden* to attempt maintaining his activities; it was an impossible task, he had argued, without the help he could not get; and his conscience clamoured in vain for souls.

He was not, himself, a wag of such redoubtable dimensions. The worst that he had ever done

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was to go, once, to the people among whom his father was well known, the officers and tradesmen of the Cantonments, and ask their assistance in his work. The rebuffs had been more frequent than the acts of kindness, and both had come from unexpected sources. But he would rather go to prison than try that course again.

Then he recalled having read in one of the missionary magazines a letter from a priest in Pennsylvania, to the following effect:

“That our parishes would never suffer from an increased zeal in the broader interests of the Universal Church is a consoling paradox which it is well to emphasize. It is not a question of jealously husbanding resources; it is rather a question of arousing in the hearts of our people that unfathomable religious spirit which is too often allowed to lie dormant,—that spirit which measures its generosity, not by the size of another’s contribution, but by the unlimited extent of the need.

“Once this spirit is awakened, all problems will be solved,—yours, and ours along with yours. It is a splendid object lesson for us parish priests that the ecclesiastic who was most closely identi-

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fied with foreign mission work in England, was the man who built the Westminster Cathedral, who saved the day for religious schools in Parliament and who organised the admirable system of child-rescue work that will continue to prove its excellence for years to come."

So Father Ralph resolved to try his luck, as so many before and since, by writing to one of the Offices of the Propagation of the Faith. He would choose whichever was the nearest Office to that priest's home.

What to write was something of a problem. He knew perfectly, of course, that any Catholic who could spend a day with him and see his works and realise his condition, would never again forget, having once come face to face with all that is being lost because, while some spontaneously give up their life to do this work, others will not even do their bounden share. But how to make this situation penetrate to the consciousness of the public at large by means of the written word, was a cruel problem.

As he rode, he thought over his appeal, and, in his mind, he worded it as follows:

"The Beggar went out to beg his bread. And,

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as He begged, He found nothing by the wayside; for much that He would have eaten was trodden under-foot, and the fashions of the hour had devoured it.

“And, thirsting, He asked water of the rocks; but no sooner had He asked than He turned away; for they had no moisture.

“And He found His path among the thorns, and the thorns, growing up, did goad Him on His way.

“And He came at last unto the poor; and they, being in want, put forth their hands to help Him, that He might eat.”

Having got thus far, he felt that all this, though true undoubtedly, would pass unheeded. To dismiss the whole matter from his mind, he rode on faster. . . . But it *would* recur. Oh! How he hated the whole business . . . this having to whine for help at other people's doors. Surely God had not meant it so! The Church could *demand* help for her extension and her growth; Catholics had the *duty* of supporting her. If they were slow, why should he not sit down and read his prayers in peace, and do nothing, and wait, in quiet, for the end? It was not

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his work, but the *universal* work that he was doing.

But at the sight of his village in the distance, his plans again took possession of his soul.

Finally, that night, he wrote the following, grimly:

MONEY.

FIRST LACHRYMATION.

Initial sob.

1. Gold is a metal that flows quicker after coining than in the molten state.

2. Silver, nicely amalgamated, does not wear; but it vanishes.

3. Copper is a base metal, with a propensity to change; it changes silver into itself and itself into other people's pockets.

4. Paper is a sordid substitute for coin; it has all the vices of hard cash and many of its own; but somehow other people never throw it away nor seem anxious to get rid of even the dirtiest sample.

Medial sob.

1. When your money's done there isn't any more.

2. When there isn't any more, then you stop doing the things that you intended doing when you thought there would be more.

3. When the things you intended doing are your life-work, you don't like stopping doing them.

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4. When you have to stop them, you get time to remember the climate—and other things.

Final sob.

1. If you do without, all the better for you; but all the worse for the Kingdom you should be spreading.

2. If you steal money, you make a horrid mess.

3. If you borrow it, you are (saving your presence) a silly goat.

4. If you beg it . . .

SECOND LACHRYMATION.

Initial wail.

1. When the cash in *your* purse is done, there may be some left in other people's.

2. When other people know what you want to spend it on, perhaps they will let you have it.

3. When your work is the spreading of the Faith, other people have every reason to fall over one another trying to help you.

4. When they don't take any notice of you, you have no choice but to sit down and howl.

Medial wail.

1. Here is a missionary who has built a school and put his last cent into the ultimate tile of the roof.

2. Here is a missionary who has laid the foundations of a convent, and he has no cash with which to put up walls.

3. Here is a missionary who has planned a house for himself and his successors; and these is no house.

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4. Here is a missionary with an allowance of \$10 a month, and with \$30 to pay out in monthly salaries.

Final wail.

1. If the money supply fails, the material frame of the mission falls in.

2. If the material frame of the mission falls in, perhaps the spiritual body will wax stronger.

3. So that, whatever happens, the missionary lays his trust in God.

4. But this does not weaken the *duty* of assisting him laid on the Catholics who can afford it.

THIRD LACHRYMATION.

Initial gasp.

1. Death . . .
2. Judgment . . .
3. Hell . . .
4. Heaven . . .

Medial gasp.

1. I, but also you.
2. You, but also God.
3. God, but also your neighbour.
4. Your neighbour *as yourself*.

Final gasp.

My God, if the work I am doing for you is your work, put it into the hearts of others to support it. If not, cut off my work by any means you wish.

XVII

ANGELUS DOMINI.

Dear Father Jimmy:

You will perhaps be surprised if I tell you I was *expecting* that letter of yours, with all the silver lining gone out of the clouds. Since my brother left for China twenty-five years ago, I have seen many others follow him; their earliest letters from the field have always been expressive of surprise at the pleasantness of conditions; the next step, as soon as they find themselves alone at the head of a vast district, is a fit of sudden disappointment. Then, as they get into the stride, the true ideals revive and are successfully applied to existing circumstances.

I suppose you want me to *answer* your letter, not merely to *reply* to it. I do so in the hope of getting you sooner over the teething period of the apostolic life. Being one of "my boys," I know you will take in good part all I may have to say.

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On your struggles with brute creation I need pass no comment. Even in the mood of your last letter, you could see, yourself, that they are funny. I remember hearing of a good Bishop who, while he was asleep, lost all his footwear: the rats carried off one sock, and devoured it; the squirrels landed the other up a tree; one shoe was found in the possession of a dog, that was grinding its teeth upon it; the other, still beside the bed, was half buried under the tunnels of the termites. But the Bishop didn't expect *pity* . . . there was nothing for it but to laugh.

In what you say of the natives I see, struggling for birth, a love that will do wonders. Of course it must take time for men of different races to understand each other; and it is not till you have borrowed a good deal from them that they will begin to follow where you would lead them. I think that, later on, when, by dint of apathy, they have taken some of the Western starch out of your blood, you will bring many to the Faith. At the same time I duly sympathise with your just irritation at the childish and extravagant hopes of certain Catholics at home. Personally, my strong impression is that a lot more depends

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on your own struggle towards high sanctity than on any other influence.

Young vocations spring most often from the not altogether reprehensible ambition to be a great general in Christ's army and to carry the world by force. Later, one learns that God is master of results; that, besides, He calls far more to be file-men than to be conquerors. And at last it becomes clear that, unless it be in very special cases and exceptional vocations, one must aim at becoming not, consciously, a great missionary, but a very strong and supple instrument. In proportion as we come to realise the working of God's Spirit in His Church, we learn to yield up our personality to His own—and *then* work is accomplished. This is the humility required of all God's agents; not to go about advertising our uselessness (who wants to hear about *us*?) but to recognise His gifts as His, to make use of them, and let the consciousness of our dependence embolden us in performance. An instrument may not resist, lest the work be spoiled; neither may it be vain when the work is done.

Next in importance to sanctity come circumstances. The former we can tend to create for

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ourselves; the latter God alone can wield. Consequently we need not worry, unless it be to the extent of exercising prudence and the other "business" virtues.

We may cast a look of envy on the Francis Xaviers who are placed by Providence in circumstances of time and place which make them conquerors of nations; but, while admitting that without holiness they could not do such work as we may see them doing, we are, at the same time, reassured by the certainty that without circumstances they would have had to be content with a more modest yield; and, though conscious that our zeal may be less hungry than was theirs, we know that it is not invited to a feast so rich. Thus every missionary may bless the will of God, as he is borne from one small victory to the next until the end. And, whatever you may *not* be called to do, at least it is yours to stand at the entrance to the Broad Road, with arms outstretched like the Master's on the Cross, trying to bar the passage against your fellow-men, coaxing them with all charity to the Narrow Path. Many will push their way past you with a jeer; many will try to creep unseen behind you and

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escape your patient pleading; some (thank God), out of gratitude or fear or remorse, will be moved to a reluctant obedience; the very best will need your voice at the parting of the ways. Work enough there, and the sublimest work, for any man.

As for the home public, I have always felt, as you do, that it is consistently coaxed and smiled at rather than enlightened, from the Missions. Yet maybe that is better so. No one would hold that it is wise to teach all things to children, bluntly; there is too much that they would misinterpret and distort. For exactly the same reason (*viz.* that they have not, nor can have, the *data* for a judgment) it is perhaps better that the home folk see the bright side only—lest they lose interest in the whole . . . which would mean an incalculable hurt both to you and to themselves.

With regard to your devotion to the progress of your mission schools, I cannot find words adequate to express the warmth of my approval. *Perge, prospere procede et regna.* Do not lose heart for any consideration. I feel I may be drastic in my exhortation: sacrifice much other

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work to the success of your school; rather deprive yourself of food than give up a school for lack of funds; your children have no home life (as we conceive it)—be their father and their mother, their brothers and their sisters . . . you know what I mean by each; walk right into those young lives as an influence strong and tender, correcting and consoling. My dear Jimmy, your school should be a furnace of love to you, warming your whole district and your whole soul—and burning up the myriad futilities of life.

That “getting the worst of it” of which you speak is one (or a congeries) of the futilities. It is, if you like, the psychic atmosphere or climate; it is a detail; it doesn’t matter at all. Or again, it matters hugely, when you turn it inside out, and discover God. First He leaves us for a moment to our weakness; then He steps in and holds us up and stiffens us and gives our impotence the stay of His Predominance. And it is this Providence of His that makes life still worth while, together with the sense of the Plan worked out by God in a spoiled world, triumphant over the clumsiness of its own apparatus, Spirit driving a Body to perfection.

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You are wearied, you say, by the material work that presses on you. Look at it in this way: it is not for yourself—(even if you are building a residence, you know, it is not really for yourself, but for the next man). You are a link in a chain; none of the links stand alone—and, ever since Saint John the Baptist, each has been preparing for the next. It is the Chain that matters not the links.

I cannot follow you in your gloom over the slipping (temporary, I have no doubt) of a single soul. I will not excuse you of a little selfishness in that. You are crying over a broken toy, whereas I know there must be others (and plenty of them) in whom you can rejoice. The saving of *that* soul depends no longer upon you . . . work now in joy on those whom God has left you, and be grateful.

Your last point. Much work goes unaccomplished because you are so few, and those few so ill-supported. I know it . . . God knows it too. He can remedy it, and will, when He so pleases. Meanwhile I, for my part, am sending you (enclosed) the Brother's mite.

God bless you, my dear boy, and strengthen

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you and cheer you. Yes, indeed, your vocation is a great one, and I rejoice to have been used as an instrument in leading you thereto. But I cannot say my *Nunc dimittis* yet, while you are still unfixed in your appreciation of its beauty, which (I take it) lies in a vast enthusiasm for a Cause that wears its royal robes under the sordid raiment of the East.

Bless me, and pray for me.

Ever yours devotedly in Christ

T. L.

P. S. What do you think of the following, as expressive of the Missions? Francis Thompson, of course.

With thee take
Only what none else would keep;
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fear to vanish fears;
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve;
Plough thou the rock until it bear;
Know, for thou else couldst not believe;
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive;
Die, for none other way canst live.

XVIII

ANOTHER DAWN.

WITH a start, Father Nayagam woke up. Shouting and wild excitement were in the air. In the darkness of the young hours of the morning it took a few moments for him to realise that anything was wrong. Then, flinging on the essential trappings of presentability, he rushed out in the direction of his little chapel, whence the uproar seemed to come.

He found some fifty children playing vociferously in the star-light. There was a hush at his approach, and they trooped round him.

"What ever are you doing here at this hour of the night?" he asked.

"Playing," said some. "Waiting for Mass," said others.

"Why, but Mass isn't till half past five. And now it's hardly half past four!"

They looked at each other in amazed confusion.

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"That's why I felt so sleepy," said some one, "when Peter called me."

"Peter?" echoed the priest.

"Why, yes. Peter is in charge of the chapel this week, you know. He came round to all the houses and told us to get up."

The rest was easily explained. At that season every one slept outside; and Peter, waking, under the burden of his responsibility, at the first cock-crow, had jumped up, gone round the village, told all the children it was time for Mass, and brought them to the chapel. Now Peter's village was two miles away.

True, to-day he had mistaken the time; but if the children had not been in the habit of starting out thus in the darkness, they would have known it was too early. The mistake brought home to Father Nayagam what he had not realised before, the daily sacrifice these little men were making for the sake of their Communion. For the Indian hates above all things to go abroad at night, if only on account of snakes and other reptiles that reserve the darkness to themselves. And here were these boys, bare-foot and almost naked, many of them hardly ten years old, starting out

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each morning in the dark lest they should be late for Mass.

When the hour for Mass came round, Father Nayagam was still under the spell of the event. And, as he prayed, his thoughts were on those boys, who, a year before, were minding cattle all day long and themselves living a life of mere animal instincts; and now, in the short time since the starting of the school, they had learned their prayers and their catechism, made their first Communion and become capable of this well-nigh heroic act. As he listened to them shrilly ringing out the prayers in chorus, his heart went out to them and he blessed them and called on God to bless them. His own love for the holy Eucharist was fanned by the spirit that was in them. Never had he said a Mass with more devotion.

When they came up to Communion and he turned to face them with the Host, he felt almost as if It would fly to them from his hand. He could conceive no resting-place more suited to the Heart of Jesus than those little hearts that cleaved to Him from the midst of a faithless people; yet all were dirty and some naked, and a few were whispering and looking round.

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Soon after Mass they all went home to eat their rice. And they were back at school by eight. Father Nayagam went over to "give Catechism."

"Tell me, Peter, where is Jesus Christ?"

"As God He is everywhere. As man He is in Heaven and in the Divine Gift."

"Why is He in the Divine Gift?"

"Because He wants us to know that He is near us."

"Ought we to receive the Divine Gift often?"

"Yes, every day."

"Why?"

"Because, if He did not want us to receive Him every day, He would not be in the Divine Gift *all the time*."

"What do you feel like, Peter, when you receive the Divine Gift?"

"I think great mans of myself."

"What does that mean, I wonder?"

"Well, I feel as if I could do just anything I tried."

From the midst of this delightful occupation Father Nayagam was called away to a sick woman. It was a ten-mile ride. This was in-

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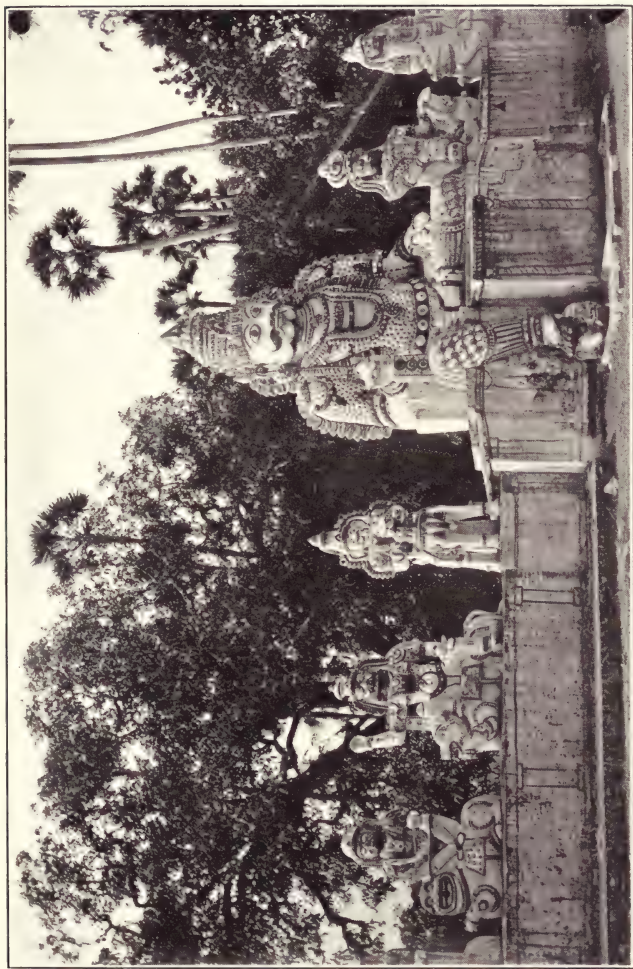
deed to be a Eucharistic day for him. By hill and valley, across rice-fields and jungle, he sped with a light heart. And, for once, it was easier than not to speak with his Companion. All the loneliness and hardships had gone out of his life. The triumph of the Kingdom seemed no longer a vague and distant dream; across that pagan land, through villages where pagan symbols sullied every wall, before the temples of the idols, among the tenements of hell, he bore the Master of the world.

All was in readiness for his arrival in the dying woman's hut. An inverted mortar, covered with a folded cloth, did service for a table.

"I do not mind the dying," said the woman (a widow, born of Christian parents), "but to go alone I could not have endured."

She was in great pain and had, the others said, been restless and complaining. "Yes," she whispered, overhearing them, "but now I shall be patient till the end. I shall have more to think of than my pain. Hear my confession, Father. I want the Divine Gift."

The priest, after giving absolution, began to make a little exhortation. She listened for a few



“ . . . before the temples of the idols, among the tenements of hell, he bore
the Master of the world.”

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moments; then, interrupting him: "I know, I know," she said. "Give me the Divine Gift. Then you may go. I have no fear of death."

Father Nayagam smiled, and did as he was told.

From the moment when he took the Host out of the pyx, no word escaped her lips save a continuous repetition of the name of Jesus. She received Him, and closed her eyes. She called upon his name, louder at first and then faintly; and, of a sudden, ceased—and died.

On his way home Father Nayagam could not but keep wondering how the faith had grown so strong in this simple heart, far from the church, in the midst of a pagan village, among the sordid occupations of the poorest of poor lives. And our religion shone before him as a devouring flame for the consuming of the nations. And he sang hymns, as he galloped home, all the hymns he knew to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. And the natives whom he passed along the way wondered what this rider found in the sweltering noon-tide to make him so indecently hilarious.

And anon he would speak to Jesus of his dis-

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trict, of the Mission, of the Missions, of the Church, of Heaven and eternity and souls . . . and there were no problems any more, but all things were unravelled and made easy at the contact of Emmanuel.

Later, in the coolness of the evening, went Father Nayagam to his chapel to do reverence to his Lord. The Silent Power throbbed around him and within him; he touched the Centre of the Universe. Details of time and space seemed to fade from him; here was the Infinite, working out Its will. And he perceived that all our blindness and discouragement is but the result of looking upon details, upon the atoms closest to ourselves: small as they are, they are apt to hide the Light behind them; weak as they are, they defy the Force that thrills both them and us with life, defy It but not quell It as we fear.

So real now did the Presence feel that he was afraid, almost, lest It should speak. And, if It spoke, he knew he could not bear it. For was there ought that It could say but to upbraid him for his sins and for his lack of trust? And this, ah! this he could not bear; in his dark hours he had suffered, and, though the fault was his, he

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felt that to be told so now by Him were tenfold agony.

But Emmanuel is silent. This last mercy has He vouchsafed us, that, while dwelling in our midst, He will not burden us with His reproaches nor break us with His strength. From the fortress of His love He makes sorties to gain our hearts, but no more. Later He will be our judge; now He is nothing but our Lover.

The night was come when Father Nayagam arose—but in his soul there was no darkness any more. That dawn had broken whose mid-day is the Lamb, the Light of Paradise.



PETER AND PAL.

XIX

THE THREE MASTERS.

THE missionary calling has produced innumerable saints; it has, in the Church triumphant, three outstanding patrons.

Saint Paul stands for the ideals that underlie it; Saint Patrick for its consummate achievements. Saint Francis Xavier is pre-eminently the tutelary saint of Yonder, that Far East in which the modern missionary movement found its main sphere of action.

No man can speak better for Saint Paul nor express him more clearly than his own epistles.

The apostle, thrilled with faith in "God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth,"¹ knows himself "appointed a preacher . . . and a doctor of the Gentiles in faith and truth."² He is "to the Greeks and to the barbarians, to the wise and

¹ I Tim. ii, 4.

² I Tim. ii, 7.

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to the unwise . . . a debtor.”³ For he has the truth, and they, they are in a condition hardly possible to conceive.

“They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of fourfooted beasts, and of creeping things; wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, unto uncleanness, to dishonour their own bodies among themselves. . . . And as they liked not to have God in their knowledge, God delivered them up to a reprobate sense, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all iniquity, malice, fornication, avarice, wickedness; full of envy, murder, contention, deceit, malignity; whisperers, detractors, hateful to God, contumelious, proud, haughty, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy.”⁴

To such unpromising humanity he is to preach the “foolishness” of “Christ crucified.”⁵ But “the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men.”⁶

³ Rom. i, 14.

⁵ I Cor. i, 23.

⁴ Rom. i, 23-31.

⁶ I Cor. i, 25.

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Not that he can do anything, as of himself, to save them; but "our sufficiency is from God."⁷ And, as we depend on God alone for our success, "we speak, not as pleasing men, but God."⁸ "Nor sought we," says he to some of his converts, "glory of men, neither of you, nor of others. Whereas we might have been burdensome to you, as the apostles of Christ: but we became little ones in the midst of you, as if a nurse should cherish her children: so desirous of you, we would gladly impart unto you not only the gospel of God, but also our own souls: because you were become most dear to us. . . .

"You are witnesses (and God also) how holily and justly and without blame we have been to you that have believed . . . entreating and comforting you (as a father doth his children), we testified to every one of you, that you would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory."⁹

His ideal of the missionary life is that we should in all things "exhibit ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in tribulation, in

⁷ II Cor. iii, 5.

⁹ I Thess ii, 6-12.

⁸ I Thess. ii, 4.

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necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in prisons, in seditions, in labours, in watchings, in fastings, in chastity, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in sweetness, in the Holy Ghost, in charity unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God; by the armour of justice on the right hand and on the left; by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers and yet true; as unknown and yet known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastised, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing, and possessing all things.”¹⁰

Of himself he gives a picture very close to the ideal: “Thrice was I beaten with rods, once I was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I was in the depth of the sea. In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren. In labour and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those

¹⁰ II Cor. vi, 4-10.

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things which are without, my daily instance, the solicitude for all the churches.”¹¹

And, at the very moment, he adds, when “the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also by Christ does our comfort abound,”¹² and when we are weak, then we are powerful.¹³ “We suffer persecution, but are not forsaken; we are cast down, but we perish not: always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies. For we who live are always delivered unto death for Jesus’ sake; that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you.”¹⁴

He knows that the restraints of Christianity press hard upon his people; his work of grace is galling to their nature; no “popularity” for him. Yet “I most gladly will spend and be spent myself for your souls, although, loving you more, I be loved less.”¹⁵ He asks no salary, even of appreciation: “I seek not the things which are yours, but you.”¹⁶

¹¹ II Cor. xi, 25-28.

¹² II Cor. i, 5.

¹³ II Cor. xii, 10.

¹⁴ II Cor. iv, 9-12.

¹⁵ II Cor. xii, 15.

¹⁶ II Cor. xii, 14.

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Not, of course, that he covets no reward at all; he makes no secret of his enthusiasm at the thought of the salary that awaits him, but it will not be paid till all is over: "For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." ¹⁷

"For I am even now ready to be sacrificed: and the time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As for the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord the just judge will render to me in that day: and not only to me, but to them also that love his coming." ¹⁸

Of what Saint Patrick thought about the apostolic life we have less trace; what he achieved we know better. He walked into Ireland and took possession in the name of Christ; in his own life-

¹⁷ II Cor. iv, 17-18.

¹⁸ II Tim. iv, 6-8.

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time he saw her change from a pagan to a Christian country; under his impulsion pagan institutions vanished and Christian institutions arose: and if indeed there were individual chiefs and druids who resisted his dominion, yet truly did he beget the nation to the Church. He had the consolation, supremely rare in apostolic annals, of watching with his own eyes the mustard-seed of faith grow into a tree and cover all the land.

Nor was his work a superficial one; he did not baptise merely, he converted; nor did he give his converts new beliefs alone, but new souls. He took a new nation into the Church, and saw it absorbed finally and irrevocably into the Body of Christ. And it was not many centuries after his death that in its turn this nation became the dominant missionary power of the world, evangelised all Europe and fulfilled the apostolic ideal very fully and fruitfully once again.

Saint Francis Xavier neither expressed himself so fully as Saint Paul nor obtained such astonishingly final results as did Saint Patrick. He was, however, the pioneer of a missionary movement which, in the aggregate, may be said

ET DIXIT, VADE

to be well on its way to accomplishing as much (at least) as that of which Saint Patrick was the leader.

Tens of thousands of priests (to speak of them alone) have gone forth already under the inspiration of his example to the countries which he laid open. Hundreds of these men have given up their lives in witness to the faith he taught, stealing from himself the crown he so ardently desired and was denied. And many of them are beside him on the altars.

Even such as have not died have suffered for the faith—none of the great names of the Far Eastern Missions but recalls heroism of endurance and of toil—Ricci, de Nobili, Beschi, Retord, Puginier and the rest. All are disciples of Xavier; all hail him as their patron; and all, down to our own day, rejoice in him and in his leadership, as they plough behind him in his furrows.

Theirs is the absolute trust in Providence that was his; theirs the dauntless hope that no failure can destroy; theirs the prudent zeal to use the human means at their disposal with discretion, and the courage to dispense with them cheerfully if need be.

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He taught them how to pray; he showed them how to suffer; he tells them how to live—all for the Cause and for the Master.

His spirit has swayed nearly four centuries of apostolic work, and still, as new legions are trained up for the Field Afar, whether in the old world or in the new, on their banners will be his name, and his fire in their hearts.

And the Catholic countries will step forth and be to the apostles of to-day what the throne of Portugal was to Xavier—a temporal support, desirable and, it would seem, most necessary, yet, when it fails, readily exchanged for a prop that cannot break or fall, the Will triumphant ever, and the Plan of God.



XX

ENVOI.

BY REV. C. C. MARTINDALE, S. J.

Carissime.

YOU asked me to write a Preface for the next edition of your book. Honestly, I tried. But your personality is in it, for me, so vivid, that, upon my word, I am incapable of anything but a letter.

Tenacity is a rare virtue, nowadays. Yet I remember how — quite long ago — through the walls of that inky school-room, even, very distant horizons used to grow bright for some of us; and there are corridors in that cold College where you said much that I have still in mind. And in your own forgotten memories (yes, “ forgotten memories ”; and I love to look in that dim district for the roots of men’s quaint associations of ideas) I let myself hope that there may have lurked the title of a distant story “ Yonder,” which I surely did not fail to inflict upon

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you in those days, and that this may not have to be quite disentangled from the name of your own book.

After that, I am glad it was in Ireland that I met you. You served my Mass, and I yours. But I fear you had not time to come with me to see that Hospital for Incurables where I was privileged to be, so often, the awestruck disciple of martyrs. That same Irish mysticism of theirs, however, — hard and clear as any diamond, yet tender and soft-tinted as any dreaming opal, — has sent you away in the track of other martyrs; and here it is again, flashing, and yet teardimmed, in half the pages of your book.

But with you too went France, and where France goes, gaiety too must go, and something of *panache*, and *crânerie*, indomitable even in leaden and tragic hours. You had lived of France, I know, before ever you went to the Rue du Bac; and that, I suppose, is why I find the perfume of that idealistic land everywhere in your chapters.

What would I like their work to be? First, I suppose, to get you some of that dreadful money without which everything goes so much better,

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and yet has to be asked for. Then, that they may teach many to surmise, at least, the multi-coloured world which lies outside their parish, and in which you are lighting that Light that kills no colours, but gives them their true values and reveals the Beauty which transcends, transfigures and interprets them. And to others may there come that "almost brutal violence of impulse" which, as you say, shatters the unconsciousness of boyhood, or even of later years, when "the supernatural has its hour." Vocation! Sweet, indeed, at times, and adding just one new loveliness to playfield, or chapel, or home; but carried, too, for some, in the harsh calling of the crows. . . . Harsh or sweet, may it be followed the more gallantly, for your book.

So much for that. I never can be sure whether your school-days seem to me whole centuries distant, or just the other day; whether India seems just across the ocean, or away beyond it. Anyhow, λέγομεν τὰ πρῶαν θὴν πάντα; and surely all our worries about years and leagues are melted in the habitual glowing recollection of Eternity. Besides, nothing that was really good can ever be wholly past; nor what is spiritual involved

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in longitudes. All the world can be one altar, the smoke of whose myriad-handed sacrifice ascends inextricable.

Sub intuitu aeternitatis, therefore, *adieu et au revoir*.
C. C. M.

With fingers inky and with dislocated brain
Let me cremate my sorry quill! No, C. C. M.,
Nought shall the scattered ashes charm to life again,
Till envy of *your* pages reassemble them.

THE END

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Gavan Duffy. Thomas
Yonder ?
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